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Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VI. BISMARCK, D. T., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1878. NO. 26.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE

NEWS GOBBLED FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise at Halifax--The President's Message--Export of Flour From Fort Benton--Investigation of Reno --Europe Troubled--Chinese on the War Path--Miscellaneous.

RENO TO BE INVESTIGATED

St. Paul, Nov 25—An order will probably be issued from Washington this week for the investigation at Chicago, of the conduct of Major M. A. Reno, at the time of the Custer massacre.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

In his forthcoming message the President will make the reported outrages and violations in the South during the late Congressional elections, a prominent topic of comment These violations will be considered as forcibly depriving a large number of citizens, in specified localities, of the rights conferred by both National and state authority, thus preventing results expressive of their will in the administration of public affairs. The subject will be earnestly presented to the consideration of Congress for such action as the circumstances demand

BENTON'S FIRST EXPORT.

The steamer Nellie Peck took down from Fort Benton a consignment of flour for St Louis, the first exportation of food ever made from that far away land.

WELCOMED ROYALTY.

The steamer Samaritan, with the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise on board arrived in Halifax harbor on the morning of the 23d, having experienced very heavy weather throughout the voyage The Princess appeared on deck for the first time that day, having suffered severely from sea sickness. The steamer will proceed up the harbor under a salute from the Forts, and then proceed to the dock yard, where all the war ships will be in line with yards manned. The city is decorated in a manner never before attempted.

TROUBLED EUROPE.

It is believed that the greater part of the garrison of Ali Muskid have been taken prisoners. The hill tribes intercepted 500 Afghan soldiers, and deprived them of their arms and clothing

AFRAID OF CHINESE

Advices received at London from Oxenburg state that the Russian Fort Marya has been strongly reinforced in consequence of the concentration of Chinese troops on the frontier, and reports the pacification of Kheotan. The principal insurgents of Kheotan have fled into Russian territory It is said that the Chinese have murdered the youngest son of Yamoob Bay.

WAS IT MURDER?

A Soldier Found Dead Near Buford.

[*Special to the Tribune*]

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Nov. 25—A party of soldiers while out hunting about five miles east of this Post, yesterday, discovered the body of a man in an advanced stage of decomposition. A carbine, pistol, and eighty rounds of ammunition were found with him. He had fallen face downward, and is supposed to be one of Sturgis' Seventh Cavalry men, who deserted in 77. His name can be ascertained as soon as the rust can be removed from the number on the barrel of the carbine. Foul play is suspected.

SHINNER'S MISFORTUNE.

Shot Through the Head, But Will Probably Recover.

[*Special to the Tribune*]

FORT KEOGH, Nov. 25.—Dr. Skinner, of Podlar Creek agency, was seriously wounded a few days ago. A glancing ball from the shooting party killing cattle for the agency, struck him over the right ear, lodging in the brain. Dr. Harvey, post surgeon at Keogh, left at once to attend the wounded man. Later information from his surgeon is to the effect that he will recover.

Bear Butte Freight Line.

Joseph Pennell and Robert Roberts received forty head of mules last week, for work on their Bear Butte freight contract. The contract is for 250 tons to be delivered at the new Black Hills post, this winter. About one hundred tons have been forwarded. Seventy-five teams are now engaged in the work, besides the twenty new ones. The price paid is four cents per pound, and the distance about 230 miles.

This is Business.

J. S. Winston has rented the farm of Dr. Porter, one mile north of Bismarck, and will put in on it eighty acres of oats next spring. The doctor is fencing the entire quarter section, has planted quite a number of trees, and has built a neat little house and stable. The entire quarter section will be placed under cultivation next season. It is a beauty, too, and commands a fine view of the city and surrounding country.

RAILROAD RATTLE.

The North Pacific Leases the St. Paul & Pacific.

An arrangement has been entered into between the St. Paul & Pacific R. R. Company and the North Pacific R. R., whereby the latter gains a 99 year lease of the road bed and depots of the former company, between St. Paul and St. Cloud, doing away with the necessity for the construction of the St. Cloud and Minneapolis line, and ennabling the North Pacific Company to use the funds which would have been required for the construction of that line for the extension of its line from Bismarck to the Yellowstone, and advertisements are now out for the grading on this extension.

Heretofore the North Pacific has been tied by the St. Paul & Pacific and could not

MAKE THE CONCESSIONS

that were absolutely demanded by the rapidly increasing business of the Northwest. It was because of this that hundreds of tons of freight that should have been shipped this way, reached the Hills via Ft. Pierre. For the same reason the North Pacific has not been able to compete successfully with the Chicago lines on the Missouri river freight, and much has been shipped up the river from Sioux City and Yankton which might have been shipped by this line. Our local interests have, also, been held back, and apparently excessive rates have been charged. But the trouble is over now, and with the beginning of this new era the North Pacific will be able to and will make any concessions which the business interests of this region may demand.

Then they will have direct connection with rival lines at St. Paul and Minneapolis, and can arrange for through freights on the most favorable basis. This they have never been able to do. At first they were tied by the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad and they gained nothing, except in distance, by the completion of the Brainerd Branch. But they now

HAVE ALL THE ADVANTAGES

of an independent line without the delay or cost of construction, and they can and unquestionably will go on with the extension of their road to the Yellowstone.

This will make Bismarck the headquarters for work on the extension and will give its business men untold advantages. Following the building of the Yellowstone line we may reasonably look for the construction of the Black Hills line, which should be finished within the next two years Then will follow construction from Lake Kampeska to Bismarck—the extension of the Northwestern.

There are certainly three years of prosperity in sight, from railroad construction alone, for Bismarck, and all old residents of Bismarck know what that means By that time our farming interests will be great enough to fall back upon.

In this connection it is proper to remark that the Milwaukee and St. Paul R R. Company has determined to build a line of road next season from the state line to Yankton giving them, also, a Missouri river terminus.

ENTITLED TO REST.

Capt. Mathey, After a Summer's Campaign, Goes to Totten.

Company K, of the Seventh Cavalry, Capt. Mathey commanding, passed through this city Saturday, en route for Fort Totten, overland, where winter quarters are provided. This command has had an especially hard duty this summer, being on the march almost continuously since August 11th. On that date Capt. Mathey was sent through to Robinson, to escort the Cheyennes. Upon arrival there, Black Wolf, Iron Shirt, and about seven lodges refused to proceed, whereupon Capt. Mathey had to escort them as far as Sidney. When he reached Sidney he reported to Col. Thornberg, and followed the hostile Cheyennes through the Sand Hills, making in one day a march of seventy miles, suffering severely from thirst, being thirty-six hours without water. Capt. Mathey then rejoined his regiment and scouted between Sheridan and the Niobrara river, until the 11th of Nov., when he, with the other companies of the Seventh Cavalry, were ordered to Bear Butte. Capt Mathey is entitled to a quiet winter, after his tedious and hard work this summer.

The Seventh Cavalry.

On Wednesday eight companies of the Seventh Cavalry, under the command of Col. Tilford, arrived at Fort Lincoln. Companies A, C, G, H, I, & L, remain at Lincoln; Company K goes to Totten, and joins company F; company D goes to Standing Rock and joins company B, making ten companies. Companies E and M remain at Bear Butte.

Bell, the Butcher.

Bell, the murderer of Chas. E. Lee, who was acquitted for lack of evidence, passed through Bismarck the other day. The Black Hills papers regret that he was not lynched, as was reported, after his discharge.

THE BUSINESS OF BISMARCK.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF LOCAL ENTERPRISE.

Building Improvements During 1878 ---A Large Increase in the Number of Structures Erected---A Glance at the Mercantile Interests of the City ---A Vast Improvement in Business.

OVER ONE HUNDRED BUILDINGS.

Bismarck prospers. The change the past year is wonderful. There are but few more business houses to report—little increase in that line to speak of, but scores of small dwellings have been put up, and several of the business houses have been enlarged and improved, and workshops are being opened rapidly. The idlers, to a great extent, have passed away, and all who care to work have found enough to do. Every team in the country is employed, and several car loads of stock have been recently brought in by freighters and contractors. The contractors for hay, wood and transportation have realized good profits, the conditions have been favorable, and there are no failures to regret.

Merchants are making smaller margins than heretofore, but they are carrying larger stocks, and, of course, are selling more goods. At the landing, stock yards have been built and extensively used in providing for the boat loads of cattle which have been shipped from Montana to Bismarck, and thence by rail to Chicago. Marine ways have also been constructed, and nine first class steamers are wintering a Bismarck, as a result, instead of going to Yankton, Sioux City and St. Louis for that purpose. This will enable them to commence operations from this point at least three weeks earlier in the spring.

The North Pacific company is advertising for two hundred miles of railroad construction, and one can plainly see a revival of the days of 1871-72 and 1873; but, better than all, the country is settling up, and its agricultural resources are being developed.

Settlements now extend twenty miles north of Bismarck—almost every quarter section being occupied for ten miles out. East, also, settlements extend thirty miles, and south as far as the military reservation, and squatters contemplate a raid on that. West, beyond the river, for twenty miles settlers have pushed their way, and farms are being opened on every hand—the settlers not waiting for government surveys. Indeed, there are more settlers on unsurveyed than on surveyed lands, in this and in Morton county.

Every farming operation has been successful, and hereafter there will be no need to ship in supplies of oats or corn. This region will produce all it needs, and will soon have a surplus. The fuel question is also solved by the very general use of coal. Anthracite is furnished at $15.50 per ton, and unlimited quantities of lignite at the cost of mining and hauling from the veins near the city.

A machine shop for the repair of steamboats is being constructed, and a large government arsenal has been erected at Fort Lincoln.

Several large warehouses have been built, and among them some very large ones by the railroad company, and by the Government, at the landing.

The town has grown from a collection of tents in 1872, to a city of 2,500 people in 1878, polling at the last general election, 626 votes.

Bismarck is now in direct telegraphic communication with Deadwood, Fort Keogh, and all points in central Montana, by the completion of the military telegraph line, for which Congress provided last winter.

The Fort Keogh Stage line is now on a firm basis, and the stages are making regular trips. The service should at once, and no doubt will be, increased to tri-weekly, and on the Standing Rock and Buford lines from tri-weekly to daily, as was done last spring on the Black Hills line.

Enough of general remarks. During he past year improvements amounting to nearly $100,000, have been made at Bismarck, and in the immediate vicinity, as follows: R. B. Mason, brick dwelling and stable, $2,200; C. M. Cushman, brick dwelling and stable, $1,400: Geo. M. Bird, brick dwelling and stable, $1,300; Ansley Gray, brick dwelling and stable, $1,000; C. S. Weaver, dwelling, $2,500; Pat Smith, dwelling and stable, $1,200; Joseph Beem, dwelling, $1,000; John Nicholls, stable, $200; Col. Thompson, stable, $150; Geo. P. Flannery, dwelling, $2,500; R. Hannan, stable, $250; O. S. Goff, photograph gallery, $600; O. S. Goff, store building, $700; J. J. Jackman, store building, $700; C. R. Williams, Merchants National bank building, $600: L. N. Griffin, sample rooms, $1,000; C. R. Williams, sample rooms, $1,200; W. H. Comer, bank building, $1,500; Sam Whitney, opera house, $1,000; Chas. Stanton, store and stable, $1,200· J. J. Clark, dwelling, $600; Adna Charnley, dwelling, $300; School house, brick, $5,000; John Hackett, dwelling, $200; Henry Dion, shop, $200; M. Livingstone, blacksmith shop, $400; J. G. Pitts, dwelling, $600; Chas. F. Payne, dwelling, $1,500; M. H. Woolsey, dwelling and shop, $400; P. Mulcahy, dwelling, $600; C. S. Weaver & Co., warehouse, $300; Ed Gilboy, dwelling, $150; John Brown, dwelling, $150; Mr. Monahan, dwelling, $250 W. S. Richards, $150; Edward Hackett, residence, $400; Camp Hancock, warehouse, $600; J. A. Baker, pop factory, $800; F. Selle, dwelling, $300; S. Sunderland, dwelling, $1,000; Sheridan House, stable, $600; Geo. Peoples, ice house, $400; J. G. Schuler, dwelling, $200; M. P. Slattery, store, $800; B. F. Raymond, dwelling, $300; W. Huxley, dwelling, $350; A. J. Brooks, dwelling, $150; J. H. Marshall, dwelling, $2,500; Chas. Galloway, stable, $300; S. A. Brantover, dwelling, $100; Wm. Preston, stable, $400; Albert Hubbell, dwelling, $350; John Leary, tenement, $250; Chas. Bassett, dwelling, $200; Hans Johnson, shop, $200; Frank B. Mason, bowling alley, $450; government warehouse, $2,000; North Pacific warehouse, $2,000; A. H. Myers, ice house and stable, $400; J. D. Wakeman, ice house, $400; Joseph Coyne, saloon, $150; Granberry & Co., saloon, $400; L. B. Mixter, saloon, $300; Reardon & Fay, $200; Henry Yunk, restaurant, $300; C. R. Williams, residence, $1,600; D. Macmaney, stable, $300; Alex McKenzie, office, $150; John Ostland, stable, $150; Alfred Crissey, confectionery, etc., $250; Mrs. Kate Livingston, dwelling, $300; Mrs. Messerve, dwelling, $400; G. Fagastrom, dwelling, $150; Wm. Morris, dwelling, $150; G. Nelson, dwelling, $100; Christian Peterson, dwelling, $200; E. H. Judkins, $200; E. R. Childs, dwelling, stable, etc., $300; Ed Nelson, dwelling, $150; Adolph Ames, dwelling $400; Adams Sisters, dwelling, $600; Geo. Woolerich, dwelling, $150; R. Fern, dwelling, $250; Mr. Goodrich, dwelling, $100; Dr. Porter, tenement, $200; J. Richert, tenement, $600; Wm. Van Kuster & Bobie Bros., dwelling, $250; Elijah Comstock, dwelling, $150; J. D. Hilger, dwelling, $325; G. S. McMullen, dwelling, $150; L. Fahey, dwelling, $350; A. Rondeau, dwelling and stable, $300; Alex Mathey, dwelling, $300; C. B. Rust, dwelling, $150; Peter Klopperich, dwelling, $300; Olof Frankland, dwelling, $350; Matthew O'Brien, $400; Dr. Porter, dwelling and stable, $400; W. Rickenberg, dwelling, $500; Charles Stanton, residence, $500; Total new structures, $62,825; and the following may be noted among the repairs: Catholic church and academy, $2,500; Joe Pennell, $200; Ed Carey, $200; Don Stevenson, $100; Merchants Hotel, $2,000; McLean & Macnider, fire proof vault and extension of store to 110 feet, $1,800; Mrs. Green, $200; Mrs. Ida Lewis, $200; Edward Hackett, $400; Sheridan House, $1,000; Mr. Slattery, $400; H. M. Mixter, $300; H. G. Coykendall, $150; J. A. McLean, $150; John Mason, $100; Lizzie Woods, $75; Thos. Fortune, $150; J. D. Wakeman, extension of vaults in brewery, $1,000; Kolberer & Walter, extension of vaults in brewery, $1,000; Stock Yards, $400; Marine Ways, $3,500; at the Point, $1,500; Capitol Hotel, $350; J. A. Emmons, residence, $100; Clum Emmons, cigar factory, $100; D. I. Bailey & Co., $150; John Hammerly, $75; J. S. Winston, Mullen property, $500; J. S. Winston, residence, $500; D. Hannafin, $200; R. Connolly, $100; H. Dion, $100; J. Quinlon, $300; George Peoples, store, $300; Geo. Peoples, residence, $200; C. A. Krouse, saloon, $500; J. F. Reardon, hotel, $300; T. H Jones, residence, $200; Joe Deitrich, residence, $500; other improvements $1,300; total repairs, etc., $21,500; making a grand total of $843,25. In addition to this, the construction of the military telegraph line, costing $50,000, might be noted; also the opening of the stage road to Keogh; the construction of the arsenal, warehouses, etc., at Fort Lincoln. These things all contribute to Bismarck's prosperity.

Some of the more prominent buildings in the county might also be mentioned. Improvements on Starks' farm, for instance. It took over 30,000 feet of lumber to build the granary, alone

Over one hundred new structures have been erected in the city, as will be seen from this report, and still more in the country, immediately adjoining.

In concluding we give the following summary of Bismarck's business houses Oct. 25, 1878:

Hotels—Sheridan House, Merchants Hotel, Capitol Hotel, Western Hotel, Custer Hotel, Reardon's Hotel, Bismarck Hotel, Foster's European.

General merchandise—McLean & Macnider, J. W. Raymond & Co., J. D. Wakeman, M. P. Slattery, John Yegen, Wm. Glitschka, John Boyle, C. M. Cushman & Co.

Banks—Bank of Bismarck, Merchants Bank of Bismarck.

Dry Goods and Clothing—J. W. Watson & Bro., McLean & Macnider, Dan. Eisenberg, E. Menkus, John Ludwig.

Clothing and Furnishing—Sig Hanauer, M. Eppinger & Co., McLean & Macnider, S. Selleck.

Hardware—Geo. Peoples, D. I. Bailey & Co, G. W. Poussin & Co.

Furniture—J. W. Raymond & Co., McLean & Macnider, J. C. Cady.

Wholesale Liquors—J. D. Wakeman, J. A. Emmons, Asa Fisher, J. W. Raymond & Co

Flour and Feed—Parkin & Whalen, J. W. Raymond & Co., McLean & Macnider.

Drug Stores—J. P. Dunn.

Books, Stationery, etc.—Wm. H. Stimpson.

Provisions, Fresh Meat, etc.—Hallett & Keating, Justus Bragg, Bostwick & Rickenberg.

Fruit—Hallett & Keating, W. H. Stimpson, Justus Bragg, Alfred Crissey.

Confectionery—W. H. Stimpson, F. Bulmarke, Hallett & Keating, Justus Bragg, Alfred Crissey, S. G. Sharpless.

Tailors—J. H. Dahl & Co., S. Selleck, L. Johnson.

Boots and Shoes—J. H Marshall, L. Larsen, E. C. Broholm, D. Flynn, O. Dwyer.

(*Continued on Fifth Page.*)

A FAMOUS NIGHT AT FARGO

GOV. CHAPIN'S GRAND OPENING BALL AND BANQUET.

The Most Brilliant Social Event in the History of Dakota--An Elegant Assemblage of Fashion and Beauty --Careful Analysis of Costumes and Full Description of the Entertainment.

THE BALL.

[*Special Correspondence of The Tribune*]

FARGO, Nov. 22.—Last night the city of Fargo covered herself with glory. She had been making vast preparations for weeks, but at last the thing culminated, and in the details of Chapin's grand opening ball, the town of Fargo immortalized herself.

The occasion of this effort was the completion of one of the finest brick buildings in Dakota Territory, erected by Messrs Chapin & Erickson. The structure is fitted up in the lower part for eight large stores, light, airy and handsome in finish. Above the stores is an immense hall 100 feet deep deep, by 50 feet wide, and seventeen and one-half feet high, and it was the consecration of this hall to Terpsichorean enterprise, as socially practiced, that tore all Fargo up by the roots and excited a lively interest many a long mile toward the East.

The night and day before the ball were the liveliest ever known here. Strangers came pouring in from all quarters The hotels were crowded. The streets presented a busy air, and all was hustle and rush in preparation for the grand event.

Throughout yesterday the decorators devoted themselves to the walls and ceilings of the grand ball room, and when the evening wore around and the lights flashed up from the chandeliers, they illumined

A GAY SCENE,

a theater well worthy the honor of welcoming those expected and expectant. Graceful festoons of evergreens and tasteful figures in silk chenille, half concealed and half revealed the costly paintings on the walls, while at either end of the room great mirrors reflected all the beauties of decorative art. At the north end the band stage was erected, draped in evergreens and fanciful designs in chenille.

In determining upon his ball, Mr. Chapin made the most careful arrangements to insure complete success, and to that end made most judicious selections of gentlemen to fill his committees. The reception committee was composed of Messrs. E. A. Grant, A. J. Harwood, H. S Back, and E. B. Chambers, while the floor managers were J. E. Haggart and W. A. Yerxa. These gentlemen were unremitting and untiring in their exertions, and when Mr. Chapin comes to reckon the extent of the obligations under which he lies to those who helped him, he will find the debt to his committees the heaviest of all.

The grand march had been announced for a quarter past eight, and at that hour the hall was well filled. The Great Western Band, of St. Paul, under the directorship of Geo. Seibert, had been engaged, and as the guests formed for the entree, the strains of Mozart's pet march welcomed them, and with due formality the great ball, long looked for and eagerly expected, was opened to the most elegant assemblage that ever gathered in Northern Dakota.

It would be superfluous to describe the scene. Dances are pretty much all alike, when you come to sift them down, while to fitly describe the brilliant effect produced by a thoroughly polite social company, thrown in strong relief against broad mirrors by a thousand lights, and toned by the graces that are enthroned upon the art of decoration, would demand the pen of Irving. Irving's time and Irving's patient power of painting word pictures. The ladies were beautiful, and beautifully attired, and it is now that your correspondent clothes his hand in a freshly perfumed white kid glove and dips a diamond pointed new gold pen into violet ink, to describe the glories of costume But first with his hand on his heart, and penitence in his soul, he wishes to apologize to any lady whose name is omitted from his note book. He has not intentionally neglected any, but there were some there so fair that as he contemplated them, he became bewildered, and often forgot the charms of toilette in the beauty of the face before him. Let this apologize for him, and relegate his errors to his susceptibility.

THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. B. Chambers, wife of the editor of the Fargo *Times*, heavy black gros grain, *en train* and trimmed with flowers and laces; hair in heavy braids.

Miss Nettie Hanson, of Fargo, heavy black *gros grain*, flounced and puffed; corsage of gas light blue silk, high in the neck, with ruche; hair in puffs and *bandeaux*.

Mrs. E. S. Tyler, of Fargo, in full reception suit of black gros grain, with seal silk hat and plume.

Miss Skuce, of Wadena, Minn., white tarletan, with deep ruffles and puffings and trimmed with black lace; corsage vest pattern, with ruches and laces.

Miss Ficheling, of Duluth, illusion skirt *a la Empress*, with fluted flounces; corsage high with trimmings of orange silk and tube roses; hair in puffs.

Mrs. John A. Stoyell, of Bismarck, was attired in a rich black gros grain, *en t.*

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When the Woods Turn Brown.

How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—

Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun flower and star-flower and golden rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hillside nooks are empty and cold?—

Then the forest-tops will be gay with gold.
How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?—

O then, as we try
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown;"—
We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas for November*

SNATCHED FROM NIAGARA.

"Yes, stranger, it is a mighty fine fall. I guess Niagara beats creation for bigness You curiosity-hunters can't find a dip of water better worth eyeing over in all your jaunts any where. Well, you see, it's just an ocean, as it were, rolling over that limestone ledge. Foam, spray and thunder—one dull, eternal, awful roar, spanned by shifting rainbows—that's it.

"I like it, but I calculate the sight's nut to you. You think that Nature's got up the up for you to stroll down to after breakfast at Forsyth's.

"It's like an entertainment provided for those who house at our hotels; something to draw customers and tot up a jolly return for the capital invested. That's it, isn't it? It gives you a pleasure to talk about and pay for, and brings dollars to those that let you lodgings. Come, it is up to your notions, is it not, stranger?"

The dollar giving uses of this sublime cataract, I had not, I must own, occurred to me. I looked with some natural wonder at the speaker who took this view of perhaps the most marvelous scene that this world of ours has to show. Indeed, with its deep, dread roar throbbing through my very brain and blood, I heard the suggestion with no little disgust. The spray clouds ever steaming up from the abyss which received the plunging sea, the overflow of the vast American lakes, failed altogether in my mind to associate themselves with cash calculations. The twenty miles of river rolling the drainage of a continent to its giant leap did not bring with their mighty mass of doomed waters ideas of profit that better suited a New York counting-house than the shuddering surface of Table Rock.

My manner, as I replied, I dare say smacked of surprise and candor, but my American friend took it with that self-possessed coolness which showed him to be quite careless of my estimate of his want of what our fine old sculptor Nollekens used to call "entusymusy."

"Can't you see something beyond dollars and cents in this wonder of wonders?" I said. "I know familiarity breeds contempt towards most things, but I rather expected to find Niagra beyond this customary result."

"Well, to say the plain truth, British, I don't go in for any outlandish howling about this roarer; but when you talk of my having any sort of contempt for it, I tell you my fancies about Old Thunder are something particularly different to that. Shall I tell you why? Are you in a listening fit? Yes? Then for once I'll let out a story I have in my memory, and no living man, native or foreign, has anything to pair off with it as respects this tumbler below us." So, with the dread music in my ears of this mighty mass of flushing down waters, I listened to a tale that has ever since formed part of my recollections of Niagara.

"Why do I get savage at traveler's sponey raptures about this awfulest work that the power of God Almighty has turned out? This is why: They are so much Brummagem tinsel—not got up well. You come here not just to feel as this would naturally make any creature feel, but to froth and fuss about what you do feel and what you don't. That riles me. I like to sneer down such bosh. This thing was not made to be talked at. It wasn't made to be raved over. It's too darned real, too horribly grand for that. You're a quiet one—not one of the mouthing sort, I see; my dander isn't riz by you. You're genuine, you are. I saw that; that's why I mean to give you a real scare with this tale of mine. If your wool doesn't straighten before I've done you're a cooler card than I give you credit for being.

"I'm toughish still, you see. Oldish rather, for sixty odd years I've lived hereabouts, for here I was born. I know this place pretty well, I guess; every foot of every rock, of every track for long miles away—up to Erie and down to Ontario. Field and forest know my shoe leather all through these parts.

"When I was thirty, or thereabouts, I hunted up this river some four miles or so away. You've tracked it down may be to here. You'd hardly think we were coming upon this. The country up river is flattish. The river slides along quiet enough, too. No crags, no precipices, no darksome forests; all is fertile and good to the eye of man—just peace and plenty. It is different, though, as the sound of the thunder ahead grows upon you, dull, awful, everlasting, that has sounded on from creation, and will outlast you and me, stranger, and thousands of genations yet to come.

"Where I lived was, as I said, but a few miles above this. Further down the calm flow of the river swirls into ripples, and whirls and grows scared like of whats before it. Then it exercises itself for the hell it is to pass through. It tastes purgatory. It's all foam and dash, and splutter and growl, through the frothy rapids that roughen it for awhile. Then it settles for steady work. It braces itself for endurance, and then pluckily smooths itself to face its fate.

"How grand that calm deep flood is that pours along without stay or hurry that you can see, to its awful plunge! But, stranger, smooth and peaceable as it looks, its deep enough and strong enough to astonish weak nerves, or iron ones, as I know well, and you'll know before I've done if my tongue does its duty.

"Just look across the fall. You see it best from the British side. Run your eye round the great horse-shoe near you, That curve is some two thousand feet broad, and some hundred and fifty feet deep. Then there's Goat Island, snug in the midst of the mighty plunge. Can you see a small, flat speck of rock not so many yards off its shores? No? I know it, as you'll hear. Our American fall beyond knuckles under a little to this nearer to us. But it's a mighty respectable water-shed, too. Twelve hundred feet in the breadth, a hundred and fifty feet high. Your knowalls guess that every passage minute some seven hundred thousand tons of good fresh river roll over that rock into sprays and foam in the dim gulf below.

"As a boy, I used to see beauty as well as wonder in all this. Where it's not hid white with foam see what a clear sea-green the flood is as it shoots over. You can measure the force of the rush of waters, for the curve of the shining sheet is fifty feet from the wall of rock it slips down.

"How does it strike you? You dare say, as I saw it two score years ago. To you it is terrible, but not all terror. It's lovely too. And to me? well, to me it is horror only; it has been so since that day when I hung on its very brink for hours, and thought of it as one might think in a nightmare dream of some hideous thing, inconceivable, unutterable that held one in its awful grasp. But mine was no vision of the night to laugh at when awakened. Those hours grizzled the then brown of my young head into the iron gray you see it now. Their iron entered into my soul, as they say. It has lived there ever since, night and day, season and season. There it will stay till the death rattle kills the memory of all this side of my coffin.

"I hunted and fished then. That's how I lived. Visitors then came pretty plentiful to see this wonder. I could get a ready sale for what I caught, whether it was fur or fin. I had canoed it from when I could recollect any thing, and was pretty spry, I tell you, with the paddles, and pretty venturesome, too, I became, till I thought I was strong enough and skilled enough to run risks hereabouts that others would have shuddered from.

"I thought I knew Niagara too well to be in any danger from it, I was so familiar with it, I thought of it with none of the scare new-comers found in it. I used to laugh at their genuine fears at the very sight and sound of it, I know it by night, when the calm moon-light poured down light through the silvered spray clouds that hung over it; by day, when the glad sun danced rainbows above its flashing floods. Then it was too old a friend of mine to be dreaded by me.

"One day changed all this, and I knew it for the hungry monster that it is—pitiless, craving for its human prey.

"It was one Wednesday in August. The hotels were full. Fish was in request, as much as I could bring. Price didn't matter. Pleasure seekers bleed freely. I was paid well for what could be charged for as they liked. I had found that the nearer the rapids I got the finer seemed what I caught, and the more freely the bait was taken. I had so often gone where most were too timid to venture that I had come to believe I could swim any where.

"Even now I think, had my paddle been sound, I should have come off safe.

"Well, that morning I was out at sunrise, and pretty successful I was. I steadied my course, letting the canoe drift little by little toward the rapids that frothed and raved some miles below. I felt at any moment I could shoot it out of the strength of the current into the smoother waters by the shore.

"I got fully employed with my lines, for, as I glided down stream, my take was rapid, and that of the finest. So eager was I that I failed to pay that attention to the drift of my canoe which was so needful.

"It was with a start at last I felt I was far too much in the full deep current of the river, and that its strength would need my utmost efforts to escape from its grasp. For the first time I felt real dread, for the boiling and hiss of the seething waters could almost be heard below me. I plied the paddles strongly and for a while I had hopes of safety, though I had never known the need of the exertions I was now using to draw myself out of the mighty force of the flood that sped onward to its fearful fall.

Inch by inch I fought my way up stream and toward the shore where I was to sell my morning's takings. Every inch was won by a strain that made the perspiration start from every pore. It was for life I fought, for dear life. It was death that I pulled against—and such a death! for it was as if a curtain was suddenly withdrawn to show me all the danger I had so long been running unconsciously. It flashed into my thoughts how I had played in the very jaws of destruction that now seemed to hunger for me.

"As I toiled frantically against the rushing waters, they were living things whose clutch sought to drag me with them to share their awful doom. I had grown so used to the roar of the cataract (as I now recollected, so near!) that my thoughts had ceased to be cognizant of it; now it almost stunned me.

"I talk stagily, don't I? I tell you, stranger, if you want to wake up your fancy really well, just try an hour's pull against Niagara, with the feeling that perhaps fate is against you. You'll be far from cool and commonplace in thought or speech, if you think or utter any thing

"Minutes that had seemed hours had passed, and still I was struggling frantically, steaming with my frenzied exertions. I had won some way. I had edged some distance from the central rush of the river, and safety would be found in the slower waters that skirted the bank, could I but reach them.

"I bent still more madly to the effort. In a moment I had lost my hold on existence, and was rushing, helpless and hopeless, to the dreadful fate I had been fighting against. One of my paddles, overstrained, had broken, and, at the mercy of the mighty flood, I was speeding every minute more swiftly to what I knew so well—what I saw as plainly with my mind s eye as I had thousands of times seen it with my living sight.

"How I saw all we are looking down on here! Not a sight, not a sound, we are seeing and hearing, but was in that moment heard and seen by me more vividly than now. I was literally bewildered with the roar I now hear so calmly.

"I shrieked aloud in my agony as I clasped my useless hands over my sight, vainly, to shut out the smooth slide of the inland sea, as I saw it flashing back the morning sun as it leapt into the misty gulf into whose thunder it shot.

"A few moments bore me down to the rapids. A few minutes, and I was through them—safely. How I escaped wreck among them puzzles me. I was too paralyzed with horror to use my one paddle, to in any way steer my light craft through the foaming currents on which it tossed. Its lightness must have saved it. Had it been a heavier built boat it would have been dashed to shreds a score of times before we reached smooth water. As it was, it danced along, frolicking as it seemed to me, with a ghastly defiance of the destiny to which it so surely hurried.

"Out of the hissing! out of the frothing foam! We were on the calm, majestic mass of waters—the sea tide, you might surely call it, that was to hurl itself and me to atoms.

"How oddly the mind acts in such moments of horror! Would you believe it? a tradition of Niagara actually occurred to me as I flashed along. It was an Indian legend. I remembered how an Indian squaw, long the favorite of a famous Chief, found a young maiden was to supplant her in her wigwam. I recollect—I swear I saw it as plainly as if imagination and reality were one—she bore the best-loved child she had borne to its father from her forest home till she reached a canoe. Then she paddled herself and her boy into the full stream and cast the paddles from her, and with a heavy heart, nerved by hate and revenge and misery unendurable, stood up chanting her death song that recounted her wrong and her misery, and welcomed her coming escape from it, till they shot into eternity amid the hell of waters below.

"Even while this was for an instant flashing through my bewildered brain I was entering the very heart of the thunder of the fall. Moments only seperated me from my release from agony. But the Indian stoicism was foreign to me, I could have yelled aloud in the terror that possessed me.

"I dared not await seated the awful last moment that was so near. I faced my fate; I turned; I stood up: I looked straight ahead to where the curving waters were to launch me to peace eternal.

"The flood had scarcely a ripple on its surface.

"Was it real? Within a few yards of the awful brink the canoe had shot by a flat speck of rock that off the shores of Goat Island lay stirless on the very edge of the abyss.

"With a hardly conscious effort in passing I had sprang to its slippery surface. That moment had saved me from instant annihilation. The canoe was gone. I was standing as yet, while almost washing my very feet, the sea of waters hurried on—on—on either side of me, and disappeared.

"I gasped a cry of blessing for deliverance. Deliverance? Was it deliverance? For how long? I yet breathed, but who would, who could, save me from the rushing flood that tore past me, from the thundering cataract that fell almost within reach of my touch?

"Oh heaven! What had I saved life for? For a prolonged agony? For such misery as must end in starvation, madness, suicide? Could my mind long bear the strain now upon it? How could it?

"Let your eye skirt the rounding edge of this nearest fall. You can see the very rock I was on. It looks but yards from the larger space of Goat Island, but those yards were as bad as miles. They were an impassable gulf between me and the stretch of rock that seemed so near.

"What were my chances of escape? Dared I hope there were any? I was almost two wild with terror to think at all. Yet the brain seemed fevered with life in such moments.

"Should I be starved? Should I slide into the rushing tide from cold and exhaustion? Would sheer, unbearable terror fling me to death from my utter inability to endure the horror that possessed me?

"What could be done for me? Was rescue possible? Could a boat be floated in any way down to me? Even if it could be guided to so small a point, could I dare to trust myself to it?

"Would any rope be strong enough to bear the force that the mighty flood would require it to endure and overcome?

An instant's relaxation of the strain on the rope that might hold it till it towed it to shore, and I, if not it, would be where my own canoe had gone.

"Would human strength, could human endeavor, snatch me from the doom that had so nearly already ingulfed me?

"All these thoughts were in my brain in that instant, even while the very power to think seemed frozen in me.

"How could I dare to see? I shrieked to be senseless. Oh, for madness, if madness would rid me of the terror in my brain, in my very blood, that was, as it seemed, my life—that so possessed me, that existence had room for nothing but unutterable horror!

"I looked to this very rock on which we stand. Here, on this spot, I saw a throng of excited spectators. I was seen; and who could see a human being in such peril, and not faintly share the terror that I felt?

"I could hear the calls of men to me to have heart. I could catch cries to me that I should be saved. I could see women wild with pity. Ah, what could their pity do for me? Yet that, perhaps, was the saving of my life. Any thing—any thing—to make me forget the ever-rushing waters that unceasingly flashed by my feet and disappeared.

"Men were crowding the river bank. They were consulting, I could see, excitedly, debating what should be done.

"There is a rush of some from the crowd. Time passes, ages to me, in my agony. At last a boat comes borne on the shoulders of boatmen at a run. They lay it at the water's edge. Delay! delay! Oh, God! Oh, God! There is a rush of others with a coil of cable, not rope: rope they knew would be murder.

"I see them boring the boat's sides—passing the cable through—knotting it—nailing it securely.

"The boat is towed along the still side-water far up the stream. The crowd follow it. What will they do? God! what will they do? What sane being will venture his life to save mine? Delay! delay! They have stopped. Talk! chatter! will they never act? Oh, dear God, help him—bless him! A canoe pulls out from shore, with the boat in tow. The canoe, as well as the boat, has a cable secured to it, by which those on the bank regulate its drift down stream. How strongly it struggles up and out into the full flood! Both cables are secured round trees and paid out by numbers.

"Fighting up and across the tide, drifted down it as the cables slack their length, I watch—with what hungering eyes! The canoe steals inch by inch to where it and the boat holds it are in a line with my feet. The set of some current drifted me to the rock I stand on. The boat is detached, straining on the cable, guided, too, by a rope from the nearly stationary canoe. The current sets it toward me. It is brought up by the strain of the cable ashore. Still it drifts nearer and nearer.

"There are moments in life that swallow up all the rest of existence in our memories. They haunt us awake. We dream them always. If I should be a Methuselah with centuries of breath it seems to me one thought would always absorb all others, as Aaron's snake devoured Pharoah's magician's serpents.

I remember nothing else but that I woke out of a dream of hell in bed at Forsyth's I was told I had been in a death agony with a brain fever. What mattered that? I was out of the torment of the damned. I felt the blessedness of peace, of safety, of life wrung from death.

"They dared not tell me it was real—that all I am now telling you had been awful reality—that I had dared as the boat drifted abreast of me to risk a leap into it—that, on the very edgd and utter brink of perdition, the strength of scores ashore had overpowered the rushing flood—that amid the shouts and tears and sobs, not of women only, but of bearded, iron-nerved men, I had been lifted senseless from the boat and borne to enjoy brain fever safely in the hotel yonder.

"Do you think I have told you a lie or a believable truth—the bare fact? I know it is plain truth, and yet I only half credit myself. Well, stranger, dream or truth, I never forget it; it's part of me always.

"God save any one from ever trying, in fact or fancy, such an experience as mine!

"Now you know why I don't see any thing of beauty in Niagara. I leave that to be discovered by those who never came so near to being a real part of it as I did.

The Dog that Worried the Cows that Nearly Killed the Parson.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A thrilling occurrence is reported from Evanston, Ill., and, as it is probably the first instance on record in which the bustle of lovely woman became an implement of crime, the case is thus immortalized by the Cleveland *Leader*. There was a boy in that town named Daley. The boy had a dog, which he was accustomed to take with him on his daily excursions to certain suburban pasture fields to drive home the cows. On the 6th inst., young Daley found, on his way to the pasture, something white and ruffled and mysterious. He did not know what it was, but it was too beautiful to throw away, and the happy thought struck him that it might be intended as an ornamental portable awning for a dog. So he called his dog and tied the gay device around his body just behind the fore legs. This held the wavy frills of the tournure aloft like a canopy. Thus caparisoned the dog pranced along gayly in front of his master to where the cows were quietly grazing in the field. Immediately there was a wild commotion The cows knew in a general way something about dogs, but an animal half dog and half bird, with a towering banner of whalebone and wire and muslin floating in the summer wind, was to them a new and terrifying spectacle They eyed the approaching terror a moment, then tossed their heads, turned tail, and broke in a wild stampede for town. The frantic herd burst from the end of the lane into the main road just as a grave and serious ex-minister of the Gospel—whose sands of life had nearly run, etc., came driving along. Him the cows heeded not. The dog, with his phenomenal attachment waving up and down, was behind, and they cared for nothing in front. One jumped across between the horses and the vehicle, two others dashed against the wheels, capsized the Elder into a ditch full of muddy water, and left the buggy standing on its beam end with two wheels in the air. Then the horse caught sight of the dog ran after the cows, smashing the vehicle to atoms and distributing it along about two miles of the public highway. The cows reinforced by the flying steed, carried the village like an invading army, and such was the terror and surprise of the people that they have since done little else but talk about it. The minister crawled out of the ditch and began legal proceedings against the boy, who came into town by a side street and slipped up the back stairs supperless to bed. The dog with the bustle saw that he had overdone the thing, and crept under a barn. The problem that absorbs Evanston is where to classify the crime of that boy under the statutes of Illinois.

The Duglass Squirrel in the Sequoia Forests.

The Duglass squirrel, the "chickaree" of the west, is the happy harvester of most of the sequoia cones. Out of every hundred perhaps ninty nine fall to his share, and unless cut off by his sharp ivory sickle, they shake out their seeds and remain firmly attached to the tree for many years. Watching the squirrels in their Indian-summer harvest days is one of the most delightful diversions imaginable. The woods are calm then, and the ripe colors are blazing in all their glory. The cone-laden trees pose motionless in the warm smoky air, and you may see the crimson-crested woodcock, the prince of Sierra woodpeckers, drilling the giant trees with his ivory pick, and ever and anon filling the glens with his careless cackle; the humming-bird, too, glancing among the pentstemons, or resting wing weary on some leafless twig; and the old familiar robin of the orchards; and the great, grizzly or brown bear, so obviously fitted for these majestic solitudes—mammoth brown bears harmonizing grandly with mammoth brown trees. But the Douglass squirrel gives forth more appreciable life than all the birds, bears and humming insects taken together. His movements are perfect jets and flashes of energy, as if surcharged with the refined fire and space of the woods in which he feeds. He cuts off his food cones with one or two snips of his keen chisel teeth, and without waiting to see what becomes of them, cuts of another and another, keeping up a dripping, bumping shower for hours together. Then, after three or four bushels are thus harvested, he comes down to gather them, carrying them away patiently one by one in his mouth, with jaws grotesquely stretched, storing them in hollows beneath logs or under the roots of standing trees, in many different places, so that when his many granaries are full, his bread is indeed sure. Some demand has sprung up for sequoia seeds in foreign and American markets, and several thousand dollars' worth is annually collected, most of which is stolen from the squirrels.—*John Muir, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

Survivors of the Alamo.

New Orleans Picayune

A venerable Mexican named Rigido Guerro, residing in San Antonio, applied last week for a pension from the State of Texas, on the ground that he is the only male survivor of the Alamo massacre, of those who were in the building when it was captured by Santa Anna's troops and the heroic defenders put to the sword. It has always been believed in Texas—and we heard the tragic story of the Alamo by men who lost relatives there, and who helped to defeat Santa Anna afterward at San Jacinto—that there was no male in the fortress escaped death except a doctor, and he was wounded. Quite a number of Mexicans, a few of them men of prominence, residing in Texas when her war of independence commenced, joined the Texans and fought with them. A few of these brave men still live in Western Texas. The Navarro, Manchaca, Mexia and other families of note were among these patriots, and their descendants are now in or near San Antonia and held in great esteem. It is possible that a few Mexican volunteers were in the Alamo during its memorable siege. This would account for Guerro's presence within the bloodstained walls He states in his pension application that "with five other men he attempted to gain the room occupied by the women, and in doing so the other four were killed. When he gained the apartment he induced the women to secrete him beneath the bedding and sit upon it when the captors effected an entrance. After they had made the capture of the place, he waited an hour on the spot where he was concealed, and then passed out unobserved and hid himself in a house to which the women had fled and taken refuge."

A little fellow, at whose home hens had been kept but a few weeks, visited a neighbor's to find a playmate, when he was informed that his young friend was suffering from the chicken-pox. The lady of the house, in tones of curiosity and solicitude, asked the little fellow if they had the chicken-pox over at his house. "No," replied the youngster gravely, "we haven't had our hens long enough yet."

A little girl was reproved for playing out-doors with boys, and informed that being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied: "Why, the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em."

A little girl was visiting the country and for the first time witnessed the operation of milking. Watching the proceeding intently for a while, she inspected the cow minutely, and then launched out the poser. "Where do they put it in?"

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"I WISH I'D REMAINED AT HOME."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"The Badgerleys coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettingley was a close-fisted and calculating matron, who lived in a house in a stylish neighborhood in New York, and was one of those who, of her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flee to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettingly liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending money. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettingley, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her. "But, my dear, said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Saugatuck county."

Mr. Nettingley felt of his chin.

"They haven't invited us," said he—"that is not especially."

"Oh fiddlestick!" said Mrs Nettingley. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Badgerley and her six children, and Mr Badgerley's two sisters, I won't do it! Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost $3. at the very least. Get me a timetable, Nettingley. Send word to Mrs Badgerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettingley, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat tail pocket, where it remained. For he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettingley packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettingleys, and took the afternoon train to Sandy Hollow, in Saugatuck county.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettingley—the [illegible] scions of the house of Nettingley all had high sounding appel[lations]—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs Nettingley, "people in the country always live in the back of the house."

And carrying a heavy carpet bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging along a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted..

"Mrs Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in a high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You's her cousin from the city, come to spend Thanksgiving? Well, if that ain too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started this very afternoon for Ladd's depot; got some relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettingley. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming."

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little old woman.

But Mrs Nettingley knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph! And she knew that Mrs Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs Nettingley, had fled before the Badgerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs Nettingley, grinding her false teeth, "I'll go to Ladd's depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain It might be Smith. Or it might be Thompson. But she *believed* it was Jones And she believed they lived on Thorn street.

It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettingleys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last north bound train started. But it was an express, and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's depot, as Mrs. Nettingley found to her cost when she paid $5 for a hack to take her back to Ladd's depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about a half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's depot The first place to which they drove, on Thorn street, was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Drive on, quick This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on

"This isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs Nettingley, waxing more and more in despair

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid, who lived with her married sister, and never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Nettingley.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettingley. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why its past 11 a'ready! And my horses has got the ep zootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody. But s'spose I could take you to the 12.30 night express, for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with $8

"Ma!" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettingley, pronouncing the word as if it were a pea-nut-shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Badgerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at 30 cents a pound.

It was 1 or 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost!

"I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettingley to herself. "Eh! Parlor window blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettingley's got company to Thanksgiving, after all!"

And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true: the servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Abby!" said Mrs. Nettingley, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Abby, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am."

And Abby threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys well browned and savory, a chicken-pie that was a small mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce, that set Mrs Nettingley calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows: while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Badgerley, the two sisters, and the six children, Mr and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of her husband—twenty six in all—including her husband.

"Mrs Nettingley and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might But Nettingley had rather a hard time of it that night

"My dear," said the sacrificial lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

"Do?" repeated Mrs Nettingley, in accents of the bitterest scorn. "Couldn't you close all the blinds and lock the front door and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettingleys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them—the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettingley had her winter's work before her

"I wish to goodness I had remained at home," thought Mrs. Nettingley.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's proclamation.

God in Masonry.

John Guthrie, in his address, as Grand Master, to the Grand Lodge of Kansas, on the above subject. said:

In September, 1877, the Grand Orient of France eliminated from its constitution the cardinal perquisite of Masonry—the belief in God and the immortality of souls. While the grand Lodge will be always anxious to receive in the most fraternal spirit the brethren of any foreign Grand Lodge whose proceedings are conducted according to the Ancient Landmarks of the order in which a belief in the Grand Architect is the first and most important, it cannot recognize as true and genuine brethren any initiated Lodges which thus deny or ignore that belief On this vital question I cannot express my views better than to adopt the language of an ancient Grand Master of a sister jurisdiction: "It is the entrance into Free-masonry that should be especially and strictly guarded. The profane who seeks admission has before him difficulties to meet. He has no right to expect that the way is to be made easy to him when the landmarks are set up for the protection of the brethren. The wisdom and experience of ages have sanctioned and made unalterable these landmarks, and it is impossible that they can be modified to suit the whim, caprices, tastes, or imperfection of one who has no companionship with the craft. The prosperity of Freemasonary depends on the strict cheerful obedience to the landmarks. If they are subordinate to the wishes or in compliance with the interests of those who are not of the Craft, the foundation of the Fraternity will be no stronger than the changing opinions of men who have no association with the Fraternity. This is so absurd that it ought not to be spoken of only to show the peril and ruin that must come if the fundamental principles are disregarded. The world is filled with examples which such causes have produced, and the protection of our Institution from like fate is found in the fact that it rejects absolutely and refuses to follow such examples. During the past year the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland. Scotland, and Egypt have marked this action of the Grand Orient of France with their disapproval, and severed their fraternal relations. So far as I have been advised every Grand Lodge that has met in America during this time has dissolved its relations with the Grand Orient of France. The Northern and Southern Supreme Councils of the A. and A. S. Rite have also taken such action. I know this Grand Lodge will stand faithfully by the ancient Landmarks of the Craft, and I trust it will take such action promptly and explicitly, but deliberately, as will vindicate the integrity of the Craft, and unite the Grand Lodge with every other power in the Masonic world. *No atheist can be made a Mason*, and it follows that we can have no fellowship with atheists and irreligious libertines."

A committee was appointed on this part of the address, who reported a series of preambles, and the following resolutions, which were adopted.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Kansas views with surprise and profound regret the unwarranted action taken by the Grand Orient of France in eliminating from her affirmation of Masonic principles the solemn declaration of a sincere belief in God and the immortality of the soul, such action being in direct opposition to the fundamental principles of Freemasonry as taught and believed among us, and being in opposition to the Ancient charges and Landmarks of the fraternity.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge, in consequence of the late action of the Grand Orient of France, does hereby re-affirm the action heretofore had in the severing of all Masonic intercourse with the said Grand Orient of France.

Resolved. That the Grand Lodge will not recognize as true and lawful Masons any persons hailing from Lodges under the Grand Orient of France, and all Lodges in this jurisdiction are hereby directed not to admit as visitors any such persons.

In order for the uninitiated to fully understand the meaning and purport of these resolutions, we will state that in 1771 the ancient grand lodge of France, declared extinct, was formally replaced by a body called the Grand Orient of France, but continued to "work" separately until June, 1798, when it was solemnly incorporated with the Grand Orient, which has continued until the present time, though it has been placed out of communication with many grand lodges from some extraordinary deviations from established rules.

Several months ago the Grand Orient of France solemnly resolved that they would no longer recognize the existence of God in any Masonic rites. Considering that Masonry is eminently a religious institution, wholly uncertain (Christians and Jews being members with equal privileges), this repudiation of the Deity was so extraordinary that the grand lodges of Scotland and England, and some of the American lodges, took similar action.

Whether the great harm to the craft which the action of the Grand Orient has worked will generally disrupt the Masonic brotherhood is conjectural. The Orient has asked for a secret convention of the brethren in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, to meet in Paris to consider the matter. but it is not likely that the invitation will be accepted. It is more likely that the Grand Orient will be repudiated everywhere.

HALLUCINATIONS.

Two Somewhat Remarkable Cases of Self-delusion.

From the Fortnightly Review.

There are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds: and neither argument or demonstration of the impossibility of what they allege they perceive will shake their convictions in the least. "You assure me," they will say, "that I am mistaken, that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me." What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, "that as you are alone on one side in our opinion, and all the world is on the other side, I must needs think either that you are an extraordinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius, I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered." But the argument does not produce the least effect. Let me give an example or two of the character of those hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body. There was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subject, a shrewd and clever man of business; no one talking with him would for a moment have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them, he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night, and this he did to prevent the bad odors from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that the people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing; and when he passed a cab stand in the street he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbors. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one of the many persons who he met daily in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made was that they were all too polite to do so, but he could see they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchief to their nose—no doubt for a quite innocent purpose. Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucination: he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him at all times and all places—in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voice of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himself conceived them; the remarks which they make were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musical box, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices, and enabled him to go to sleep; but as he said, the measures was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system.

Struggling With a Grizzly.

Calaveras Chronicle.

Mr. Nathan Rogers, who owns and lives on a ranch in the mountain, about nine miles above West Point, near the north fork of the Mokelumne, had the most terrific encounter with a grizzly we ever heard or read of. The details of the fight are substantially as follows: Gray squirrels are numerous in that region this season, and after dinner on Thursday Mr Rogers went out for an afternoon' sport shooting them. He was armed with a light rifle and a large knife. Grizzlies are no strangers near the ranche, and Roger had frequently seen their tracks; but as it is yet too early for the ravenous beasts to be driven out of the higher mountain ranges by the snow, he felt no apprehension from that source Mr Rogers was so successful in gunning that by 4 o'clock his game sack was well filled, and as he was two miles from home he determined to retrace his steps. In leaving the timbered river on which he had been shooting, he had to cross a patch of comparative open country, the only growth it supported being an occasional bunch of chapparal. He had gone only a short distance, and in descending into a little blind ravine came upon a huge grizzly feeding on the carcass of a sheep.

The bear was not over twenty feet distant. Man and beast discovered each other at the same instant. For a moment Rogers stood irresolute. His first impulse was to run; but his better judgment told him that if he did so, and should he be pursued by the grizzly, escape would be impossible. Dreadful as was the alternative of facing his terrible enemy, it was his only hope, and Rogers resolved to stand his ground and sell his life as dearly as possible.

There was a chance that the grizzly might not attack him if he retained a bold attitude; but whatever hopes Rogers builded upon that foundation were speedily dispelled by the bear giving a low growl, dropping his mutton and advancing toward him. The hunter's heart leaped in his throat, and then with every muscle and nerve drew to its utmost tension, he awaited the onset of the beast with as much coolness as though his life were not at stake in the unequal contest.

As the grizzly slowly advanced toward him, and got within a distance of about fifteen steps, Roger threw his rifle to his shoulder and with a steady aim planted a bullet in the bear's breast, just inside the point of the right shoulder. The animal was hit hard, but no sixty to the-pound bullet ever stopped a grizzly. With a growl resembling a roar, the infuriated beast rushed to the attack. Throwing aside the now useless rifle, and drawing his knife, Rogers braced himself for the death struggle. As the shaggy monster reared upon its haunches, its great, black, convex head towering two feet above Rogers, the latter involuntarily threw up his left arm like a pugilist on guard. The bear seized the arm in his mouth, and, throwing its great paws over the shoulders of the hunter hugged him in an embrace that forced his eyes from their sockets and the blood from his nostrils

Rogers' right arm was free, and he drove the long, keen blade of his knife to the hilt in the side of the grizzly close to the shoulder. The blade reached a vital point, inflicting a fatal wound, but the immediate effect was only to intensify the grizzly's ferocity. It hugged Rogers the closer, its long, sharp, chisel-pointed claws tearing gaping wounds in the hunter's back while the bones of his left arm were crushed and ground to powder in the bear's vice-like jaws.

Wild with the agony of his wounds, Rogers plied his knife with the energy of desperation, driving it again and again into the vitals of the bear, literally carving it alive, while the latter, with claws and teeth, lacerated its human foe most frightfully. It was, indeed, a struggle to the death. Rogers, weak from the loss of blood and half delirious from pain, now fought by intuition, having only a vague consciousness that his life depended on his killing the bear. The terrible wounds of the grizzly began to tell upon its vitality. Rogers' senses were not so dulled but that he knew that the grizzly was gradually relaxing its hold, and the ray of hope the knowledge afforded stimulated him to renewed exertion with his knife. The bear endevoring to support itself, despite its wounds, wavered for an instant, and then, with a low moan that sounded almost human in its expression of pain and dispair, toppled over, dragging the man with it, the latter falling partially beneath. Summoning all his remaining strength, Rogers plunged his knife into the grizzly's abdomen, the hot life blood and viscera spouting full in his face.

The bear relinquished his hold, and Rogers, torn, lacerated and bleeding, crawled far enough away to escape being rent to pieces by the terrible death struggle of the grizzly. Although victorious, Rogers' condition was critical in the extreme. He was a mile and a half from home, so weak and faint that he could hardly stand, and in danger of bleeding to death before he could reach help. His left arm hung crushed and lifeless at his side, his left scapula and clavicle were broken, the blood trickled from the terrible wounds in his back, and his legs were literally furrowed by the crooked claws of the bears hind feet. Conscious that he must soon have help or perish, he summoned all his resolution and staggered along in the direction home, more dead than alive, a trail of blood marking his foot steps. He managed to reach a spring in sight of his house, and then his endurance gave way. He fell in a dead faint by the water's edge. He was soon discovered by his son, and was taken home.

The grizzly was the largest ever killed in the country. It measured nine feet in length, "over all," and weighed 1,400 pounds. The left side of the bear was litterally torn to pieces, there being no less than twenty-two knife wounds, nearly every one of which reached a vital point. One of its fore paws just covers an ordinary dinner-plate.

Mr. Rogers is lying in an extremely critical condition. In addition to his horrible wounds the shock of his system was a terrible one. His left arm, literally mangled and torn to shreds, has been amputated at the shoulder. His left clavicle and scapula were fractured, and three lower ribs on the right side broken. The flesh and muscles on his back are so torn and abraided that the vertebrae are actually visible in places.

Robin and I; A Rustic Song.

BY FANNY FORRESTER

Down in the meadow where the red clover
Sheds it's sweet fragrance to coax the wild bee,
Soon the heat of the noonday is over,
Bathe as young children, contented, and free—
Cheered like the birds with the fine summer weather,
Charmed with the blue of the earth arching sky,
Weaving bright fancies we saunter together,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I

Laughing he twines me a garland of daisies,
Pink-lipped and dewy, to wear in my hair—
Warm grows my cheek, for he whispers fond praises,
While his brown fingers stray lovingly there
Dearest of fancies! his true heart rejoices,
Not in the wild flowers that round our feet lie,
Not in the birds that with shrill little voices
Sing till we chide them, dear Robin and I.

No, 'tis the thought that when cold winds are blowing,
Scaring the song birds, and calling the flowers,
Pure and unchanging our love shall be glowing,
Cheering our lives in their dreariest hours.
Slily he slips a wee ring on my finger—
Goldfinch and throstle, still fluttering nigh,
Ask one another how long we shall linger,
Talking sweet secrets, dear Robin and I!

Clearly the brooklet, that though the green cresses
Giddy with joyfulness dances along,
Shows us the shimmer of daisy bound tresses,
Mingles *two* names in its fairy like songs;
While the soft breezes, so gentle, so loving,
Steal through their flowers with a tremulous sigh,
Round the Gay heads of the buttercups roving,
Seeming to whisper, "Dear Robin said I!"

"Dearest!" I murmur, with tenderest pity.
"Scorning the jewels that spangle the field,
Thousands are seeking for wealth in the city,
While the rich treasures that nature doth yield
Far from the toiling, the dust, and the shadow,
Live their sweet lives out, then wither and die."
Ah, in the summer-time rove we the meadow,
Rich beyond measure, dear Robin and I!

When the round moon rises stately and brightly
Tipping with silver the mountains afar,
O'er the pale green of the grass gleaming whitely,
Hand-locked we watch for the first blinking star!
Far in the village tapers are burning,
Guiding us home, when we whisper "Good-by,".
Then in the hush of the evening returning,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

Women and Home.

There is a bundle of delight bound up in the sweet word home. The word is typical of comfort, love, sympathy, and all other qualities that constitute the delights of social life. Were the every day enjoyments of many of our intelligent and affectionate families faithfully portrayed, they would exceed, in moral heroism, interest, and romance, most of the productions of the pen of fiction The social well-being of society rests on our home, and what are the foundation stones of our homes but woman's care and devotion.

A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends."

Those who have played around the same door-step, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distances may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love any thing must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections and a yearing after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or homeless humanity to befriend. That soul is poor indeed that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

"For what am I?" he said, in a conversational way, to his Sunday-school class of little boys—"what am I but a smothering field with little air? Without it I could not be—would collapse—in short, I'm only—" "A bladder!" was what the good little boy said. The class adjourned *sine die*

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The Bismarck Tribune.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

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BISMARCK, MONDAY, NOV. 25, 1878.

A LARGE number of paid local notices and display advertisements are crowded out by news, this week. Don't kick, gentlemen, we will pay you for the loss, great as it is.

To those who are dependent upon the editorial columns of THE TRIBUNE for their opinions on all subjects, we would say that the usual dose of thunderbolts is reduced this week because of the pressure of news upon our columns.

IN the local columns we give a brief insight into the business transacted in Bismarck during the past year. It needs no puff or comment. Bismarck speaks for herself, and in rapidity of growth and extent of enterprise ranks any city in the Northwest.

MESSRS. Kimberly & Morse have started an independent newspaper at Sioux Falls, which they call the *Times*. Mechanically it is one of the handsomest sheets in the Northwest, while its news and editorial columns show that its editors are trained journalists and men of brains. Here's luck!

ANOTHER hyphenated newspaper sticks its double barreled name before the public. This time it is the *Times-Journal*, of St Louis. The *Times* is Democratic, while the *Journal* was Republican, but now that the *Times* has swallowed the *Journal*, the whole outfit is to be devoted to the interest of the Independent party Some of the best journalists in the Southwest are engaged on the paper, which is second to none in Missouri

IT is all very well for Fargo to have enterprising men, but what she really needs is an enterprising paper to record their operations Chapin's ball last Thursday night was the grandest social affair the Northwest has ever known, and yet it is left for THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, published two hundred miles from the scene of the festivities, to "do it up" in proper shape Fargo is considerable of a place, but it's journalism is essentially suburban.

LAST Saturday a deer swam across Lake Winona, crossed the prairie and disappeared in the woods near Mr. Burr's.—*Alexandria Post*

This is unquestionably the deer which the Hon Ansley Gray (of the Territorial House of Representatives) has been hunting ever since he has been in Dakota. Mr. Gray was under the impression last week that the deer was tired of being shot at, but he and his friends will rejoice to know that the animal merely went off for a bath preparatory to another year or two of Mr. Gray's society

IN a short time THE TRIBUNE will put in press a volume of most exquisite poems, written by Lieut. Jack Carland, of the Sixth Infantry He has kept these pieces quiet for some time, but Mrs. Carland has compiled them, and put them into shape, and they will soon appear elegantly bound and sold only on subscription. The fire and passion and poetical feeling displayed in these poems are remarkable, and show a taste, spirit and sentiment that but few of the more far famed authors of the period have attained.

That cheerful little gun-wad, the Yankton *Press and Dakotaian*, has manifested phenominal ability in discovering a mare's nest at the Morton County Coal Banks. It talks of fraudulent votes prevented by the U S. marshal, and all that style of thing, while in fact there wasn't a soul at the Coal Banks the whole of election day; there was no precinct there and the marshal was in Bismarck from the opening of the polls to the going down thereof. The fact is, these Southern Dakota Republicans are thoroughly frightened by the Democratic vote of the northern district, and are howling "fraud" to cover their dismay.

News and Notes.

Five new steamers are announced for the upper Missouri river next season.

Andre Cristol, who spent the summer in Bismarck, is wrestling in the Hills for $200 stakes occasionally.

A daughter of Commodore Kountz, Miss Carrie V., was married in St. Paul, last week, to Mr. J. G. Jones.

Joe Hooker, the Black Hills horse thief who spent the summer in Bismarck has been gobbled by Deputy marshall Ely, of Custer county.

A FAMOUS NIGHT AT FARGO.

(*Continued from First Page.*)

and trimmed elegantly with point lace; her ornaments were diamonds and her hair was dressed *a la Marie Antoinette.*

Miss Stevens, of Castleton, heavy maroon gros grain, with trimmings of flutings; high corsage and hair in *bandeaux.*

Mrs. G. M. Pugh, of Fargo, ashes of roses silk, with trimmings of laces and flowers.

Mrs. L. Hadley, of Fargo, black gros grain *a la Princesse*, with high corsage and trimmings of lace; hair in *bandeaux.*

Mrs. Orange Hadley, black gros grain, *a la Comptesse*, with flounces and light trimmings of gas light blue; hair *a la Mairteron.*

Mrs. Wm. Hall, daughter of one of the editors of the Fargo *Republican*, elegant reception suit of black corded silk; hair *a la Marie Antoinette.*

Mrs. A. E. Law, of Fargo, black corded silk, *a la Princesse, en traine*; tunic of orange lace *a la Marie Antoinette*, with puffings of illusion and trimmings of lace; *pannier bouffant* with sash of dress material; hair *a la d'Alencon.*

Mrs. J. E. Haggert, combination reception suit in two elegant shades of brown, cut *a la Princesse*, with deep sash of darker dress material and sleeveless corsage of lighter shade; hair *a la Maintenon.*

Mrs. E. Porrett, of Fargo, a rich silk of drab and dark brown, with high cut corsage and hair in *bandeaux.*

Mrs. George Egbert, of Fargo, seal brown reception suit with high corsage and hair trimmed with flowers.

Miss Nellie Nick, of Fargo, black gros grain with salmon silk trimmings; hair decorated with a brilliant tiara of pearls.

Mrs. W. A. Kindred, of St. Paul, rich black gros grain, *a la Comptesse* and *en train*; corsage and hair trimmed with roses

Miss Belle Tiffany, of Milwaukee, white gros grain, *a la Empress, en train* and trimmed with laces and roses; corsage heart shaped; hair in puffs and *bandeaux.*

Miss Jennie Combs, of Evansville, Ind., gas light blue silk, with trimmings of lace and diamond ornaments; hair in high braids.

Miss Eleanor Nelson, of Cleveland, O., salmon silk, *a la Princesse*, with point lace, and pearls and diamonds.

Mrs Seth B Grahame, of Boston, royal purple uncut velvet, with deep flounces of point lace, the *tabliers* turned with lace, hair *a la Maintenon.*

Miss Belle Smith, of Toledo, Ohio, white tarlitan, puffed and ruffled from the waist to the hem; corsage *decollete*, with trimmings of lace and puffings; hair in *bandeaux.*

Mrs. Ansley Gray, of Bismarck, wife of the Hon Ansley Gray (of the Territorial House of Representatives) wore an elegant white satin, *a la Comptesse*, and trimmed heavily with fringes; corsage, *a la Louis Quartois*, with ruching, and heart knot of forget me knots; hair *a la Grecien*, and ornaments of Roman gold and diamonds.

Mrs. John E. Woodhead, of Chicago, ciel blue silk, *en tablier* and *en train*, and trimmed heavily with diagonal bands of point lace; hair *a la Grecien* and Etruscan gold ornaments.

Mrs. Hiram W. Thomas, of Chicago, brocaded silk with perpendicular pleatings and trimmings of lace; hair in *bandeaux*, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. John A. Floyd, of Chicago, heavy sea green gros grain, with diagonal bands of a lighter shade, trimmed with lace; hair *a la d'Alencon*, and pearl ornaments.

Mrs. E. A. Grant, of Fargo, stone colored silk *a la Princesse*, with flounces and ruffles, corsage high with barb of point lace, hair *a la d'Alencon.*

Mrs. P. P. Goodman, of Fargo, black gros grain and velvet combination, with rich train, trimmed with laces and flowers; corsage *a la Marie Antoinette*, and hair *a la d'Alencon.*

Mrs. Terrence Martin, of Fargo, illusion skirt with low corsage and trimmings of black lace.

Mrs. Clapp, of Fargo, black corded silk reception suit with trimmings of lace.

Miss Lottie Stevens, of Fargo, seal brown with ciel blue sash and sleeveless tunic of illusion.

Mrs. J. H. Kennedy, of Fargo, black silk.

Mrs. A. H. Moore, of Fargo, black gros grain.

Miss Lewis, of Glyndon, black silk with laces.

Mrs. E. H. Davie, of Fargo, seal brown combination suit.

Mrs. James L. Cantbell, of Fargo, deep brown gros grain.

Mrs. George Cooper, of Fargo, heavy black gros grain.

Mrs. Wm. O'Neil, rich black silk.

Mdme Bissomette, black gros grain with rich trimmings of point lace.

Mrs. John J. Skuce, black and cardinal combination.

Mrs. J. H. Pashley, of Fargo, moonlight on the lake reception suit.

Mrs. John Hertzgard, of Moorhead, seal brown reception suit.

Mrs C. J. Gale, of Corunna, Mich., royal purple uncut velvet, with white brocade and court train, caught on *tablier* with tube rosesand bands of pearls; corsage *a la Louis Quartois*, with necklace of pearls and diamonds; hair *a la Grecien.*

Mrs. Major John Carland, of Fort Lincoln, rich white gros grain, *a la Empress*, the skirt caught at the left side with bands of illusion trimmed with blush roses; corsage *a la Marie Antoinette*, with illusion puffings and pleats, trimmed with lace; ornaments of Roman gold and diamonds; hair in high puffs and *bandeaux*

Mrs. Dr. Perkins, of Owasso, Mich., stone blue silk, *en train*, and trimmed with black lace, corsage high with illusion ruff; hair in *bandeaux.*

Miss Matie Goff, of the Detroit *Free Press*, an elegant gas-light blue, *a la Comptesse, en train* with *tournure bouffant*; skirt trimmed with diagonal bands of dress material edged with point lace; corsage *a la Marie Antoinette*, and trimmed with deep pleatings of lace; hair *a la d'Alencon.*

THE GENTLEMEN.

Among the gentlemen present were: Sheriff John Haggert. Mayor Egbert, Orange Hadley, Postmaster Grant, Henry O'Neil, Henry Fuller, County Commissioner; Mr. Witt, of the Headquarters Hotel; Mr. Martin, of the Sherman House, Mr. Shey, of the Merchants; Mr Benton, Mr. Guptill, Capt. Davy, Mr. Cahn, Mr. Yerxa, Mr. Tyler, Capt. L. Hadley, Mr. Moore, Mr. John Mason, of Moorhead; Mr. B. R. Chambers, of the Fargo *Times*; Mr. Hall, of the Fargo *Republican*; Mr. Back, Hon. Ansley Gray, (of the Territorial House of Representatives) of Bismarck; Hon. John A. Stoyell, of Bismarck; Mr. Aleck Johnston, of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*; Dr. Hall, of the Fargo *Republican*; W. A. Kindred, A. J. Harwood, J. S. Campbell, J. J. Skuce, A. L. Stephens, T. M. Pugh, John Thorsenard, Hugh McChesney, W. F. Ball, S. Cenberiy, A. Hartly, John Erickson, A. A. White, E. Porrett, George Cooper, P. Devitt, Brad Stevens, G. J. Keeney, Wm. Hunt, E. H. Darling, John McDonough, Isaac Tobin, J. Lowell, J. C. Winslow, B. F. Mackall, W. H. Daby, C. C. Brown, J. Holmgren, J. Marelius, G. A. Sanders, R. T. Rolph, L. Seibert, Gustave Huebner, J. McNaughton, Wm. H. Deming, P. P. Nokken, Martin Hecter, Fred Clayton, Fred Hanson, D. Hadley, G. H Clapp.

THE BANQUET.

It was one o'clock when the grand march from Martha announced the supper, and Mr. Chapin led the way to tables freighted with delicacies. Messrs. Tyler and Witt were in charge, and strong, healthy appetitites fell like autumn leaves before the attacks of every luxury that munificence and experience could suggest. When the guests had been fairly vanquished, the Hon. Ansley Gray (of the Territorial House of Representatives) was appointed toast master, and prefacing his remarks with graceful allusions that were happy and well applauded, he called upon the Hon. John A. Stoyell for an address. Mr. Stoyell spoke eloquently of the early days in the Red River valley, and the pioneers, among whom was the host of the evening. He followed the career of Fargo from the time when the wigwam stood where the hall now stands, and closed with a well deserved eulogium upon the man whose energy and enterprise had effected such a civilizing influence. J. S. Benton, Esq., and Mr. J. S. Campbell responded to toasts in glowing little speeches, and then the company adjourned again to the ball room.

The highest compliment that can be paid the management, is the statement that almost all the guests remained until the end. Dance followed dance, but there seemed to be no fatigue, and when at last the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," arose over the echoes of dying waltzes, it was with a sigh and an expression of regret that the assemblage turned from the gaieties of the night to the claims of morning couches.

In fixing the price of tickets at $25, Mr. Chapin secured the best and

MOST CULTURED CLASSES

of society. That he failed to pay the expense of the ball did not arise from want of patronage, nor did it disappoint him. With a reckless disregard of money, he undertook a social event, and his prodigality was only equalled by the success he attained.

This morning Fargo looks tired and sleepy. It manifests a disposition to yawn and stretch but it does not forget to stretch a warm right hand of congratulation to the pioneer of whom and of whose successes it is properly stiff-necked with pride.

JENKINS.

HARD PAN.

Bismarck Getting to Business on the Immigration Scheme.

In response to the call of citizens published in the last issue of THE TRIBUNE, a large number of gentlemen met at Champion Hall Saturday evening to perfect measures for the establishment of an immigration society, and to consider the best interests of Northwestern Dakota. Col. Thompson called the meeting to order and made an excellent address upon the situation, and a powerful argument in favor of immediate action toward presenting the claims of this portion of the territory to the people of the states.

The question of completing the Northern Pacific Railroad from Lake Kampeska to Bismarck was mooted, and a general discussion upon railroad affairs ensued. On motion the following named gentlemen were appointed a committee to look into the Railroad matters: Judge Frank Keating, Hon. Robert Macnider, Judge David Stewart, Mr. Dan'l Elsenberg, Hon. Ansley Gray (of the Territorial House of Representatives) Stanley Huntley, Dr. John P. Dunn, Capt. J. W. Raymond, Dr. W. A. Bentley, Col. C. A. Lounsberry, Mr. Geo. H. Fairchild, Mr. James A. Emmons and Col. Sweet.

The Chair also appointed on the committee on Immigration Mr. J. F. Wallace, Col. Thompson, Wm. A. Hollembaek, Geo. Peoples and Frank Keating.

There will be another meeting next Saturday night at the same place and there should be a large attendance as business of importance will be brought up.

Abandonmen of Fort Rice.

The government steamer went down to Rice on Saturday to move to Fort Lincoln what remains of the military post at Fort Rice. Capt. Poland's company of the Sixth Infantry, will be stationed for the winter at Ft. A. Lincoln while Co. D, of the Seventeenth, goes to Standing Rock. The cavalry is stationed as noted elsewhere. It will now be in order for our member of Congress to move for the immediate opening of the military reservation at Fort Rice and the quicker it is done the better

New Harness Shop.

D. Macnider, nephew of Robert Macnider has rented the building formerly occupied by Hank Woods varieties, which has been fitted up for the purpose, and has put in a complete stock of horse furniture or furnishing goods. He is prepared to make or supply anything in the harness line including harness, saddles, whips, curry combs, brushes, &c. Mr. Macnider carries a verry large stock has excellent workmen and is prepared to supply anything that may be needed. Freighters, army officers or others wanting repairs or new outfits should not fail to give him a call.

Delightful Bouquets,

Dr. Price's Concealed Delight, Pet Rose, Hyacinth, Alista Bouquet, Ladies' Favorite, and his other hondkerchief perfumes, are truly delightful bouquets. They are certainly the most exquisite scents thot can be imagined—the odors of dainty buds and rich blossoms. Sold by W. A. Hollembaek.

Choice Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton and Sausage on hand, and still at bed rock prices.
26tf HALLETT & KEATING.

Thanksgiving on Thursday.

Those who have not laid in their stock of turkeys for the occasion should call on Bostwick & Rickenberg at the new Fourth Street Meat Market at once where the nicest fowls in market and everything to match will be found.

Help Wanted.

Wanted for an officer's family at a post near Bismarck, a cook and house servant with good references. Apply November 29th and 30th at THE TRIBUNE office.

Bottled goods of all kinds a specialty at the Minne-ha-ha Saloon.

Winter Apples.

Leave your orders at the St. Louis Store. Two hundred barrels to arrive. 24-25

We have a car load of Choice Cider to sell by the quart, gallon, keg or barrel.
26tf HALLETT & KEATING.

The Truth.

In the whole United States there is not a flavoring extract that is so valuable, so positive, so effectual in producing the most delicious, desirable, and delicate flavored cakes, pastry, ice cream, etc., as Dr. Price's justly celebrated Special Flavoring Extracts.

A Bargain.

320 acres, one mile from the Sheridan House, at ten dollars per acre.
16tf GEO. W. SWEET.

New Crop Lemons,
New Crop Bananas,
New Crop Oranges,
New Crop California Pears,
New crop Malaga Grapes.
26tf HALLETT & KEATING.

Stands Alone.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is free from all substances detrimental to health. In these respects it *stands alone*. Who can tell how many invalids and tender children have fallen victims to the dangerous adulterations practiced upon food? Obtain pure articles only.

Bargain.

Four lots for sale for $88.
25tf FLANNERY & WETHERBY.

A Woman's Logic.

"It is useless to take medicine. I shall feel better to-morrow. Besides, I need the money to get that lovely new hat My old one is such a fright, and people will look more at my bonnet than they will at my face. I will wait till I feel worse before I spend any money for medicine." The new bonnet is purchased and fifty other feminine *necessaries* in the form of ribbons, laces, brooches, etc. Meanwhile the lady's face becomes every day paler and thinner, and her body weaker, until disease has gained so firm a foothold in her system, that the most thorough, and ofttimes a long and tedious, course of treatment is necessary to restore her to health. Ladies, attend to your health before you even think of apparel. A fresh, blooming face in a plain bonnet is much handsomer and far more attractive to your gentlemen friends, than a pale-worn, diseased face in the most elaborate and elegant hat your milliner could devise. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

To Arrive for Thanksgiving Day.

Partridges,
Quails,
Turkeys,
Chickens,
Ducks,
Geese,
Fresh Mackerel,
Fresh Codfish,
Fresh Halibut,
Frogs Legs,
Shrimps,
Lobsters,
Choice Chicago Celery, and Maltby's Celebrated Oysters. HALLETT & KEATING. 26tf

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Robert Wilson, mortgagor, to Isaac Orschel, & Bro., mortgagees, bearing date the 17th of June, A. D., 1878, whereby the said mortgagor did grant, bargain, sell, and convey, unto the said mortgagees, their heirs and assigns forever, the following described real estate situated in the County of Burleigh, Territory of Dakota, to wit Lots number twenty-two (22) and twenty three (23) in Block Number forty-eight (48), on Fourth Street, in the City of Bismarck, County and Territory aforesaid; which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of Seven Hundred and Seventy Five (775) dollars, according to the condition of a certain promissory note bearing even date with said mortgage, payable to months after date, given by the said Robert Wilson to the said Isaac Orschel & Bro, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Burleigh, Dakota Territory, on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M in Book "B" of mortgages on page "62"

And Whereas, there is claimed to be due on said note and mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of Seven Hundred and Seventy Seven Dollars and Twenty Five Cents ($777 25 100), and the sum of Fifty Dollars allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney's fees in case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceedings at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgage premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh County or his deputy at the front door of Champion Hall in the City of Bismarck, the place where the District Court of said County was last held on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1878, at two o'clock in the afternoon to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said note and mortgage, together with the sum of Fifty Dollars Attorney's fees as aforesaid and all lawful costs and disbursements

Dated November 2nd, 1878

ISAAC ORSCHEL & BRO
Mortgagees

Flannery & Wetherby,
Attorneys for Mortgagers 21:39

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

Main Street, Opposite Sheridan House,

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA.

We wish to announce that we are now in receipt of a full assortment of one of the

LARGEST STOCKS OF HARDWARE

Ever brought to this market, consisting of a full and complete line of

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE,

Granite, Iron, and Pressed Tinware, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Iron, Steel and Nails. Wooden Ware, Cordage, Building Paper, &c.

In fact everything that can be found in a first-class hardware store. A complete line of

COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

all of which we will sell at reduced prices. An examination of our stock and prices is solicited.

COPPER, ZINC AND SHEET IRON WORK

Done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen. 21tf

MRS. LINN,

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING,

The only First Class Establishment in the City.

New Goods Received every Week. Latest Novelties always on Hand.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. PRICES REASONABLE. Corner 3d and Helena Sts. Bismarck D.T.

W. W. KIMBALL'S

Mammoth Music House,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL SALES, - - - - - - - - - - *$1,500,000.*

SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—Hallett Davis & Co., J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball and Smith's Organs. Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every Instrument warranted for five years.

F. J. CALL,

BISMARCK, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA.

Catalogues Free on Application. Nov18n26tf

CITY MEAT MARKET,

Bostwick & Rickenberg

keep a full line of

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS,

SAUSAGE, GAME, POULTRY, FRESH AND SALT FISH, CANNED GOODS, FRESH OYSTERS, BUTTER, EGGS, &C.

FOURTH STREET, BISMARCK, D. T

21m3

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE BUSINESS OF BISMARCK.

(*Continued from First Page.*)

Millinery—Mrs. Arthur Linn, Mrs. J. A. Maxwell.

Dressmaking—Mrs. Linn, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. E. Morrison, Mrs. E. Sloan.

Sewing Machines—J. W. Fisher, C. J. Clark.

Harness Making, etc.—Rook Brothers, D. Macnider.

Restaurants—Chas. Louis, Eades & Westhauser, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Flynn, Austin Logan, P. Brosseau, Chris Jannett.

Jewelry—E. L. Strauss & Bro., Cook, Bell & Day.

Gunsmithing—O. H. Beal.

Breweries—J. D. Wakeman, Kalhern & Walter

Pop manufactory—Baker & Gooding.

Wagon making—David Stewart, J. C. Brown, M. H. Woolsey.

Blacksmithing, etc.—Northwestern Express & Stage, Co., Geo. Gibbs, H. M. Mixter, Welch & Breen, Chas. B. Rust.

Lawyers—John A. Stoyell, Flannery & Wetherby, Gray & Pratt, Williams & Preston, John E. Carland, David Stewart, Geo. W. Sweet, Thos. Van Etten.

Physicians—H. R. Porter, W. A. Bentley, B. F. Slaughter, Andrew Hogg.

Dentist—A. T. Bigelow.

Barbers—Franklin & Deckert, Wm. H. Corner, S. G. Sharpless.

Cigar manufactory—Clum Emmons.

Lumber Yards—C. S Weaver & Co., N. Dankelberg.

Carpenter Shops, etc.—C. S. Weaver & Co., Henry Dion, John Englund.

Sample Rooms—Sheridan Hotel, L. N. Griffin, C. R. Williams, Custer Hotel, Sam Whitney, J. A. Lawton, A. Fisher, Hare & Elder, W. A. Messenger & Co., Dennis Hannafin, C. A. Krause, Eades & Westhouser, Reardon's Hotel, C. Berkelman & Co., Quinlon & Hailoram, Henry Dion, H. Woods, J. Weir, John Boyle, Bismarck Hotel, M. Francis, C. A. Galloway, Chas. Louis, Chris Jannett, J. P. Foster, Western Hotel, Custer Hotel, M. Slattery.

Bakeries—John Yegan, Austin Logan.

Photographing—O. S. Goff.

Churches — Presbyterian, Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal.

Schools—Public Graded, St. Mary's Academy, (Benedictine Sisters.)

Steamboat Lines—Coulson, Baker, Benton, Kountz, Charles, Batchelor, Eclipse.

Steam Ferries—Denver, Union.

Stage Lines—Black Hills, Tongue River, Fort Buford, Standing Rock.

Omnibus Lines—Joe Deitrich.

Livery Stables—John Ostland, Ben Ash, Hayes & McAskill, J. W. Millet.

Miscellaneous—U. S. Land Office, U. S. Custom House, U. S. Signal Station, U. S. Military Telegraph Headquarters, U. S. Quartermaster's Depot, U. S. Arsenal, U. S. Express, Northwestern Express, Stage & Transportation Co., Burleigh county offices, North Pacific Railroad offices, Northwestern Telegraph office.

And last, but not least, THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, the great family journal of the Northwest, with a circulation larger than the combined circulation of all the newspapers printed on the line of the North Pacific.

The showing herein given for Bismarck is not a bad one, surely.

New Buckwheat Flour and Gilt Edge Honey just received by HALLETT & KEATING. 26tf

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Monday, Nov. 25, 1878:

Arnold J K	Foley M Y
Arnold Addison	Forester W J
Balta, Joseph	Gallagher J K
Baker D S	Hoyt Adaline
Brown C E	Ives Wm
Bire Geo	Lyman W L
Brown W M	Rock Lion
Cramer Chas	Larsen Julia
Collins Prof Thomas S	Lynch Peter
Clark W H	McQueen Levi
Conner Joseph	Matthews Mary
Duncan Michael	P J Monghan
Ellern Frank M	McGratte Thomas
Edwards Wm. A	Ruthof Chris
Faris A L	Thompson Mary Laura
Fisher Henry	Vermont Eva

If the above letters are not called for in one month they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, Washington. Persons calling for any of the above letters must ask for Advertised Letters.

Lots for sale on time.
25tf FLANNERY & WETHERBY.

Louis' Chop and Oyster House, on Fourth Street, is open day and night. 22-24

Bismarck Machine and Iron Works.

Steamboat Engines, Boilers, Portable and Stationery Steam Engines, Mill Machinery, and water Tanks built or repaired. For Sale, Steam and Water Pumps, Iron Pipe and Fittings, Wind Mills for pumping, &c., Bolts, Nuts, Packing, Steamboat Supplies, &c. Iron and Brass Castings furnished. Farming Tools repaired. Men sent to do repairs at distant points. Good workmanship and promptness in meeting engagements will be our aim. Steam Power to Let.

GEO. M. BIRD, Manager,
Bismarck, Dakota.

A large, complete and new stock of Holiday Goods can now be found at Stimpson's. There are several novelties this season which it will pay you to examine.

Just Received.

New Chestnuts,
New Shellbarks,
New Hickory Nuts,
New Hazel Nuts,
New Pop Corn,
New Seedless Raisins.
26tf HALLETT & KEATING.

Choice Creamery Butter, Fresh Eggs.
26tf HALLETT & KEATING.

"Charley's Recommend," the best cigars in town are manufactured exclusively for the Minne-ha-ha Saloon.

Sauer Kraut at HALLETT & KEATING'S 26tf

Tobacco.

Best Lorillard plug 75 cents per pound; Durham Smoking, 65 cents; fine cut, $1.00 to $1.15.

A. CRISSEY,
29-31 Opposite Custer Hotel.

Thanksgiving Party.

A grand Thanksgiving party will be given on Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, at the Custer Hotel. A good time is anticipated. All are cordially invited. THOS McGOWAN.
25-26

T. H DECKERT. W. A. FRANKLIN.

King Barber Shop,

DECKERT & FRANKLIN. Props.

(Successors to Chris Hehll.)

Shaving, Champooning, &c. Hot and cold Baths. None but the best workmen employed. Near Merchants Hotel, Bismarck D. T.

NORTH STAR

CIGAR FACTORY,

Bismarck. D. T.

Manufacturer of

Fine Cigars,

and dealer in imported Cigars, Fine Tobaccos Smokers' Goods, &c. A fine assortment of the best Fine Cuts. CLUM EMMONS,
8tf Proprieter.

E. C. BROHOLM,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Fourth Street, opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specially made of

Neat Repairing.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices. 12m1

Wm. Kelly,

SHOEMAKER,

6th Street, Bismarck, D. T. Opposite Custer Hotel,

Fine work for ladies or gents a specialty. Repairing neatly and quickly done. Orders from abroad will receive prompt attention. n15v5tf

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Announcement--To the Voters of the 3d Judicial District of Dakota.

GENTLEMEN:—At the request of numerous friends of both political parties, I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of District Attorney, and respectfully ask your support. WILLIAM G. WOODRUFF.
Grand Forks, Sept. 14th, 1878. 16tf

WM. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap. Main St opposite post office.

It having been widely advertised under the caption of

"America ahead in Spool Cotton,"

that the Jury on Cotton textiles, yarns, and threads, at the Paris Exposition, decreed a Gold Medal and Grand Prize to the Willimantic Linen Company for "Spool Cotton especially adapted for use on Sewing Machines," over all the great thread manufactures of the world, we owe it as a duty to the public and to Messrs. J. & P. Coats to announce that

No Grand Prizes were decreed at Paris for Spool Cotton.

We are advised by cable of the following awards:

J. & P. COATS, GOLD MEDAL.
Willimantic Linen Co., Silver Medal.

and we claim for the winners of the First Prize that, as they have established in Rhode Island the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States, where their Spool Cotton is manufactured through every process from the raw cotton to the finished spool, AMERICA, as represented by Messrs. J. & P. COATS, is still AHEAD IN SPOOL COTTON.

Auchincloss Brothers,

Sole Agents in New York for
J. & P. COATS.

SWEET Chewing Jackson's BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded *highest prize* at Centennial Exposition for *fine chewing qualities* and *excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring.* The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trademark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free, to C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

AGENTS WANTED.—For the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. Address NAT. PUB. CO. **Chicago.**

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the **Fireside Visitor.** Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

---

25 Fancy Cards, with name, 10c, plain or gold. Agents outfit, 10c. 150 styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

A GOLD MEDAL

has been awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 to

CLARK'S

O. N. T.

Best SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON. It is celebrated for being STRONG, ELASTIC, and of UNIFORM STRENGTH. It has been awarded MEDALS at the great Expositions, from the first at Paris, in 1855, to the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. In this country CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON is widely known in all sections for its Superior Excellence in Machine and Hand Sewing. Their Mills at Newark, N. J., and Paisley, Scotland, are the largest and most complete in the world. The entire process of manufactuae is conducted under the most complete and careful supervision, and they claim for their American production at least an equal merit to that produced in Paisley Mills. As

NO GRAND PRIZES were awarded at Paris for SPOOL COTTON,

they are glad to announce to the American Public that they have been awarded a GOLD MEDAL being the highest award given for Six-Cord Spool Cotton.

George A. Clark & Brother,

SOLE AGENTS,

400 Broadway, New York.

SURE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS Prescription **Free** to any person who will agree to pay $1. when a new growth of Hair, Whiskers or Mustaches is actually produced.
Sanderson & Co., 2 Clinton Place, New York.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P. SLATTERY,
12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

INSURANCE!!

LIFE & FIRE!

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
REPRESENTED BY
GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.
Bismarck, D. T., March 14 '78tf

THE OLD RELIABLE

Montana Meat Market,

Cor. Main and Second Streets

is always supplied with everything in the way of

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Game

In their Season.

Superior facilities for furnishing Steamboats with Fresh Meats. 5-24tf

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.

JOHN P. DUNN. CASH O. DUNN.

DUNN & CO.,

PIONEER DRUGGISTS

Bismarck, D. T.

A Full Line of Drugs, Medicines

Paints, Oils, GLASS, &C.,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Sep11-78tf

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,

Pioneer

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP,

Corner Third and Thayer Streets,

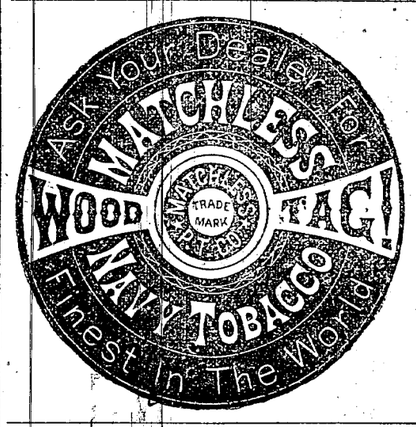
BISMARCK, - - - - D. T.

JOHN MASON,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS,

AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN

Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People. 16tf



BISMARCK

AND

FT. BUFORD

STAGE AND EXPRESS

AND

U.S. MAIL

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.

Stages will leave Buford on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.

For Express, Passage or Freight apply to

J. S. WINSTON,
5tf Bismarck, D. T.

Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

BISMARCK

AND

STANDING ROCK

STAGE AND EXPRESS LINE.

Leaves Bismarck every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours.

Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.

For freight or passage apply to
GEO. PEOPLES & CO.,
Bismarck, or
JNO THOMSON & CO, Standing Rock, D. T. 15tf

McLEAN & MACNIDER,

General Dealers in

Groceries, Dry Goods

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING

HATS AND CAPS,

CROCKERY, ETC.,

Agents for

THE STUDDEBAKER WAGON.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

MINNE-HA-HA

SAMPLE ROOM,

Next Door to McLean & Macnider's, Bismarck, D. T.

The Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars in Market.

Bottled Milwaukee Lager a Specialty.

C. R. WILLIAMS, Prop.

☞ A FULL LINE OF BOTTLED AND SMOKERS' GOODS. Nov18n26

J. W. WATSON. W. B. WATSON.

SPRING OF 1878.

J. W. Watson & Bro.,

BISMARCK D.T.

ARE AGAIN IN THE FIELD WITH A NEW AND MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS, EMBRACING

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

EMBRACING

SILKS, CASHMERES, BOURETTES,

AND EVERYTHING NEW.

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

OF EVERY NATURE.

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &C.,

AND A FULL LINE OF

CARPETS.

They have closed out their OLD STOCK. Cleaned out their Grocery Department and everything they have is NEW and Fresh from the Market.

They buy for Cash, Discounting their bills, and sell for Cash and therefore are able to give their patrons even lower than St. Paul retail prices. April 26, 1878.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOST ON THE LAKE.

A Sailor's Terrible Death.---His Body Cast Uwon The Beach.

[Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.]

Capt. John Walters, of the schooner Seabird, arrived here Sunday last from Trenton with lumber for J. K. Post & Co. The Seabird, with twenty-two other vessels, had been lying in McDonald's cove, riding out the storm. Upon reaching this port Capt. Walters learned of the finding of the yawl of the schooner Julia containing the body of Moses Dulmage, sailor, on the beach at Stony Point, Sunday morning. From the master of the schooner Olivia he learned that Dulmage was driven out of South Bay, Ont., before a heavy gale the previous Thursday night, and being acquainted with Dulmage's father, he telegraphed the facts to him and got an answer requesting him to get the body and bring it home.

Monday afternoon Capt. Walters took a team and drove to Stony Point, where he found that the body had been removed to Henderson harbor and buried. He pushed on and reached Henderson at noon Tuesday, took the body up and brought it here, arriving Wednesday noon. The corpse now lies aboard of his vessel, which is awiting a fair wind to sail for South Bay.

A THRILLING STORY.

The statement of this cruel fatality as gathered by Capt. Walters is as follows. Tuesday night, Oct. 31, ten vessels, among which were the Julia, Olivia and Ariadne, lay at South Bay point, the Julia and Olivia lying near to each other. About 7 P. M. Dulmage asked permission of the captain of the Julia to take the yawl and go over to the Olivia to visit some friends. The captain gave his consent and Dulmage went. He staid on the Oliva till between 10 and 11 P. M., when he proposed to go back. The wind, which was out of the northwest, had stiffened, and was blowing a gale with a big sea running. The captain of the Olivia says he told Dulmage he had better stay all night, but the latter said he was afraid the captain might want to go out before morning, or would want the yawl for something, and he started back. The crew of the Olivia watched him, and seeing that he was going to leeward, shouted to him to head her up to windward. They heard Dulmage call to the Julia to throw him a line, which was done, but he failed to get it, and drifted past the Julia and came alongside and pretty close to the Ariadne, which lay astern of the other two. As he came alongside he called to the Ariadne's crew to lower the boat and come after him, for he was going out into the lake. But it appears Dulmage was rapidly driven on before the maddened and hungry sea, and cried out to another ve-sel which he passed to save him, but no further effort was made, and he drifted out of sight crying for help. Long after he was lost to view in the darkness his distressing cries pierced the gale with piteous appeals for help. Sunday morning Mr. Smith, lightkeeper at Stony point, found the boat ashore just south of the lighthouse, with a dead and bruised body in it. Of the awful circumstances under which the poor fellow died, who he was, or how lost, he had no knowledge. The body lay on its face, with the head toward the bow. The legs were lashed to the seat and thwarts with the painter. The oar was found on the beach about five rods farther south, from all of which Mr. Smith concluded that the man must have been alive and was steering the yawl when he went ashore, and that he died almost immediately from exhaustion and reaction. He also thinks that he came ashore Friday morning, judging from the appearance of the floodwood and debris along the shore at that place. The storm did not abate until Sunday, and it is not strange that the boat and its awful freight should not have been discovered sooner. From South Bay point to Stony point is forty miles, and this terrible voyage young Dulmage made in that tempestuous night in the face of almost certain death. The horrors of that night cannot be painted. The annals of lake navigation show nothing more thrilling or pathetic.

It seems strange that, even on such a night, a man should be allowed to drift away from a fleet of ten vessels without further effort to rescue him than appears to have been made. Capt. Walters thinks that there was no intentional inhumanity, but that each waited for the other to do something, till the opportunity to act had passed and the poor fellow was beyond successful pursuit.

NOT DOWN IN THE BILLS.

Sensational Performance of a Dog in a Milwaukee Theater.

Considerable excitement was aroused at a performance last Sunday evening in the Grand opera house, Milwaukee, by the extraordinary behavior of one of the principal members of the company. The piece was Miss Lina Tetterhorn's sensational drama, "Tina, the Milk Vender," which has been rendered with some success in English. This time it was given in its original German. In the principal scene a large dog is introduced, hauling the milk wagon of Hartina, the heroine of the play. This dog understands English thoroughly, but, having had only the advantage of a single rehearsal in German, he became somewhat mixed as to his business,—not understanding the language, and of course mistaking his cue. When the comedian comes on and says "Hartina, are you here?" it is the dog's cue to stand still until Hartina and her lover embrace and then sing a duet. Then he follows Hartina around the stage with the milk-cart, and so on. On this occasion, when the words "Hartina, bist du hier?" were uttered, the dog made a jump for the comedian, who took fright and ran off the stage. The dog followed, barking furiously, and scattering the milk-pails all over the stage. Hartina screamed and took refuge among the opposite wings. The dog presently reappeared, and spying the prompter seated in his half-moon in front of the footlights, he made a plunge for him. The prompter dropped his book and dived through the trap-door. The dog, now thoroughly aroused, went after him, followed by the milk-wagon and what was left of the cans. Amid the yells of the audience an effort was made to rescue the unhappy and affrightened prompter. Seizing the tailboard of the cart, some of the people gave a strong pull, and a pull altogether, when up came the wagon, and then the dog, and finally the prompter—the latter in a helpless condition with the fangs of the infuriated animal firmly fastened to that part of his garment which was the last to disappear from sight. A muzzle was procured, and the dog was led from the stage, yelping at the prompter, and looking daggers in the direction of the comedian. Order was eventually restored, and the piece proceeded.

STAGE ROBBING IN TEXAS.

It Is Not an Unprofitable Occupation.

[Galveston (Texas) News.]

The robbing of stages and mails beyond Fort Worth had become amusingly monotonous, if such a state of mind is possible, when a slight shock was given to the monotony by the recent casual shooting of one of the highwaymen in an unofficial interference with the regular order of amusements in Robber's Hollow. Doubtless the man Ross who fired the fatal shot will apologize to the State and federal authorities for his violent intrusion upon the scene, and serene impunity for stage and mail rifling, interrupted without their agency or sanction, will soon be re-established on the road to Fort Yuma. Doubtless, judging from the past, it is safe to assume that the stages and their contents, including passengers, will continue to be systematically robbed. Of course, on each repetition of the performance there is a new set of passengers, a new and deeply interested audience, so to speak, but the programme and the actors in these popular open air theatrical entertainments appear to undergo little or no change. However, it is early in the season yet, and possibly the managers and the scenic artists may have some novelty in store. Meanwhile, let us glance at a skeleton of the performance which has so long been on the boards, or rather on the wayside and the road, for a run of apparently unlimited duration.

At the usual hour the stage reaches Robbers Hollow, twelve miles west of Fort Worth. The two well-known villains in the play rush from behind their favorite old bush, down the well beaten path, to the spot where the robbery is to take place. They do not need to shake their pistols sternly at the stage-drvier to secure his attention, for the horses, intelligent brutes, stop of their own accord, as does the propelling power attached to a milk-wagon in front of a house of a regular customer. The driver seems to regard the subsequent proceedings in the light of a business transaction between the robbers and the excursionists in the stage, in which it would be indelicate for him to intrude without a special invitation. As soon as they can do so with safety the passengers file out of the vehicle, fall into line, and hold up their hands. It is only a wonder that there is no photographer present to take a picture of the group for publication in some Northern illustrated journal, as an inducement to stay away from Texas.

The passengers contribute watches, jewelry, pistols, and even money, to the general fund, with a promptness which suggests that they had been drilled for the occasion, or felt that they were likely to be drilled in case they were slow in their movements. Owing to the failure of the post office department to furnish the driver with a duplicate key to the mail bags, the robbers are obliged to cut them open and relieve the department of the responsibility of delivering to their proper address the registered packages. Everything goes on as regularly as clock-work. Occasionally the driver may urge haste, as he may be behind time; but usually before the horses are fairly rested, the heavily-laden robbers retrace their steps to their ancestral castle on the brow of the distant hill, just as we see them do in the theaters. Doubtless some persons will object that the foregoing is exaggerated and overdrawn. Be this as it may, unless more in done in the future than has been done in the past month, during which the stage has been robbed three times, it will not be long before stage robbing will be one of the recognized industries of the country, and the favorite school for the graduation of the heavy villains in the criminal drama.

Arthur (who had been listening with breathless interest to one of grandpapa's Bible stories)—"and were you in the ark, grandpa, along of Noah, and all the rest of 'em?' Grandpa (indignantly)—"No, sir; certainly not!' Arthur—"Then how is it you wasn't drowned."

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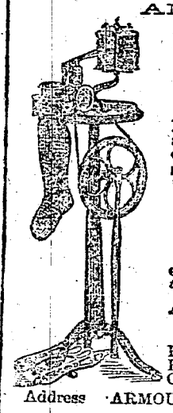

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
Embracing
GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS
UNDERWEAR. &c.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,
GEORGE PEOPLES,
Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in
NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK
IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.
COOK STOVES,
Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.
Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.
Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.
Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

J. H. MARSHALL,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.
GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.
Prompt attention given to orders by mail.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
The oldest and most reliable brand; every can full weight, uniform, and wholesome, and goes one-third farther than ordinary kinds. Contains no acid but that derived from grapes—a pure Grape Cream Tartar. It has been analyzed and indorsed by the Board of Health of New York, also the leading Chemists of the country. It is peerless and unapproachable in quality, and any family who once uses it will not be without it.
The housekeeper must bear in mind, an absolutely pure Powder like the Royal cannot be bought at the same price as the adulterated kinds. Sold by all grocers in tin cans only. 14y1

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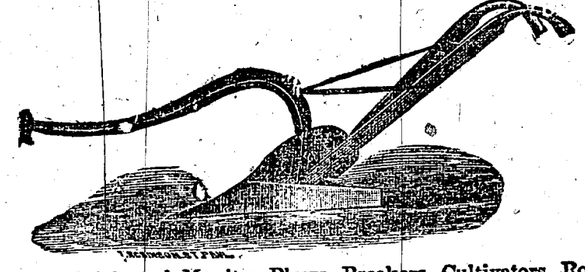
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. ESTABLISHED IN 1860.



Manufactures the Celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Road and Railroad Plows, Scrapers, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, etc., etc.
All Goods Warranted First-Class. Prices Reasonable. Send for Catalogue. For sale by Wm. Harmon & Co, Fort Lincoln, D. T. 123

M. P. SLATTERY,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Crockery, Flour,
AND FEED,
Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D.T

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
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The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, MONDAY, NOV. 25, 1878.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
E. N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F., are held in Masonic Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. SIG HANAUER, N. G.
E. O. BOSTWICK, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

At the Presbyterian Church every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; and every Sabbath evening commencing at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Rev. I. O. Sloan, Pastor.

Methodist services every Sunday at the City Hall at 10:30 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Class and prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30, for the present at private houses.
REV. GEO. W. BARNETT, Pastor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the North Pacific to and from the east arrive daily, except Monday, at 7 a. m. Depart daily except Saturday at 7 p. m.

Leave for Forts Stephenson, Berthold and Buford and the Tongue river posts every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Leave for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday: returning, arrive every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 a. m.

Leave for Tongue River every Sunday at 8 a. m.

Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M. Office open from 7 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9,30 a. m., and 3 to 7 p. m.

Prominent People.

Capt. Wm. Harmon arrived home Sunday morning.

P. D. Dickason, of Deadwood, was registered at the Capitol last week.

The Post Office will be closed Thanksgiving Day from 12 m. till 2 p. m.

M. B. Doyle, of Morton county, paid several visits to Bismarck last week.

P. H. Simms and wife have returned from a visit to their farm near Fargo.

G. A. Hayes, of Pittsburgh, is on a land hunt between this city and Jamestown.

J. H. Dearing, of Terre Haute, is spending a few weeks in this vicinity viewing the country.

Chas. Collins, edito. of the *Daily Champion*, claims the Sturgis City townsite as a homestead.

The Hon. Ansley Gray (of the Territorial House of Representatives), has been ill for a few days past.

S. A. Harrison, one of the "solid men" of Milwaukee, is "roughing it" for a short time over the river.

Mr. A. H. Myers and lady returned home yesterday after a month's absence visiting friends in the East.

John Duncan, "one of the boys" of Pittsburgh, spent the fore part of last week visiting friends in this city.

Wm. Smith, U. S. Paymaster, and W. H. Seward, his clerk, have gone to Standing Rock to delight the boys.

B. Cormley, merchant tailor of Green Bay, Wis., is looking about the city with an eye to a permanent residence.

Aaron H. Bell, and W. B. Stockman, of the U. S. Signal Service, were registered at the Sheridan House last week.

Jack McAleer, the lucky miner of Deadwood, went East last evening, his wife being dangerously ill in Wisconsin.

P. R. Smith, the enterprising cattle dealer, is erecting a fine residence on First street, a pleasant addition to the city.

D. Macnider, a nephew of R. Macnider, has opened a harness shop on Fourth street in the Woods Variety building.

G. W. Norris, of Boston and R. D. Carolhes, of Marquette, O., were here yesterday on their way to look for gold in the Hills.

W. W. Bushnell, of the firm of Thurston & Bushnell, extensive manufacturing agents of St. Paul, is in the city on business.

S. Selleck, of Stillwater, who runs an extensive merchant tailoring establishment in this city, is in town looking after his interests.

Capt. Braithwaite, the efficient manager of the Bismarck Ways, having completed his job, will leave for his home, St. Louis this week.

Capt. John W. Smith has fixed up winter quarters on lower Main street, which is an indication of his intention to make this city his home.

W. B. Stockman, of the Signal Department, was taken over to the hospital at Fort Lincoln yesterday he having been taken suddenly ill.

D. Carson, O. D. O'Brien, J. W. Maxwell, and W. S. Cox, of Deadwood, passed through last week on their way east to spend the winter.

George A. Brackett, of Minneapolis, inspector and scaler of logs, arrived in Bismarck Friday on his way to the Yellowstone country for a hunt.

L. B. Willington, representing one of Chicago's largest plow works, visited Bismarck for the first time last week, and was very agreeably surprised.

Capt. Frank D. Baldwin, of the 5th infantry, and one of Capt. Miles' Staff, has gone east on leave of absence to spend the winter for his health.

George Ade, who has been spending a few weeks in this city, the guest of Col. Frank Moore, left last night for his home, confident that this is God's own country.

Theo. Brown, representing the North Star Boot and Shoe company, of Minneapolis, smiled upon the unsuspecting citizens of Bismarck Saturday.

B. L. Winston, of Minneapolis, cousin to Sut Winston, of this city, left here yesterday for "over the river," in charge of the Northern Pacific railroad survey party.

Edward Foster, of the Jamestown *Alert*, was seen strolling up and down the streets of this city on Tuesday last, reading signs, etc. He seemed quite delighted with city life.

Henry Robinson, an extensive miner of Deadwood, passed through here Tuesday on his way to Missouri, where he will remain until February. He is confident of "millions" in the Hills.

Gen. Miles will leave Keogh in a day or two, if he has not already done so, for a brief visit to Washington for conference with higher authorities in relation to matters in the Indian country.

T. L. Russell, chief engineer of the Northern Pacific road, left here yesterday with the survey party to survey the further extension of the road across the river. He thinks there is no doubt of the road going on in the spring.

Sam Whitney, proprietor of the Bismarck Opera House, started for St. Paul and Chicago Sunday night, in search of talent for his stage.

Mr. Alex Johnston, traveling agent for the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, attended the ball at Fargo Thursday night and arrived in Bismarck Saturday morning. He is on business for his paper and is a capitol chap besides.

Bishop Seidenbush and the President of St. John's College were up from Minnesota last week to attend the dedication of the bell at St. Mary's. The bell may now be heard for miles at 6 a. m. 12 m. and 6 p. m.

Mr. Jas. A. Rice, and daughter, of Michigan, were registered at the Sheridan House last week. Mr. Rice left for his home Sunday night but Miss Rice will spend the winter with Lieut. Sharp's family at Fort Lincoln.

Capt. John W. Smith has disposed of his trading interests at Miles City and will spend the winter in Bismarck. The captain has his eye fixed on the railroad extension and will probably be heard of in that direction next summer.

Joe Sanborn, formerly of Yankton, but late of Deadwood, went East Friday, to visit his friends. He has not been very successful in the Hills, but he managed to get into the possession of one of the msst complicated revolvers ever made.

Gen. T. L. Rosser will probably be promoted to Chief Engineer of the North Pacific, vice W. Milnor Roberts who has accepted a position in Brazil on a three years contract at $20,000 a year. Gen. Rosser has heretofore had immediate charge of the work.

W. H. Hurd, of the Sheridan House, the prospective mayor of any town which may be located near his claim on the other side of the river, spent last Sunday in gazing over his dominion, content in the realization of the fact that though he could not vote he was no carpet bagger.

Gov. Howard, Newton Edmunds, Ex-Gov. Pennington, Dr. Burleigh, Hon. Geo. H. Hand, Gen. Beadle, H. B. Wynn, Jacob Max and E. P. Wilcox form the board of directors of the new railroad company which expects to secure the extension of the Algona line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. to Yankton.

Arthur DuBray, well known in this vicinity, has returned from his summer's sojourn with the Seventh Cavalry, and will probably spend the winter in this city. He is now prospecting for a class in French, he being a French scholar, having received his education in France.

J. T. Gilmore, of the Black Hills *Pioneer*, passed through here Tuesday on his way to Wisconsin to spend a few weeks visiting friends. He took with him several specimens of potatoes averaging a pound and a half apiece, raised on the Smith and Furlong ranche on the Red Water. He also had some very fine specimens of quartz taken from the various gulches about the Hills.

To Arrive for Thanksgiving Day.

Francatels
Boning Knives,
Larding Needles,
Oyster Knives,
Sugar Sieves at
26tf HALLETT & KEATING'S

You will always get a square deal, and your money's worth at Bragg's old reliable Montana market. 25-27

We are now buying Meats, Game and Poultry from the farmers, and are selling at bottom prices.
26tf HALLETT & KEATING.

Fine Clothing.

A large stock of boys' and youths' clothing must be sold shortly. Come and examine them at the St. Paul Branch Clothing House. 25-28

Triumph of Science.

Chemistry never achieved a more decided triumph than in the production of SOZODONT, which is a botanical preparation of wondrous efficacy in preserving and beautifying the teeth, rescuing them from decay, and rendering them as white as alabaster. It is a toilet luxury of which all should avail themselves. The unpleasant odor communicated to the breath by catarrh, bad teeth, etc., is entirely obviated by this fragrant and salutary antiseptic of which one bottle lasts a long time. Druggists and perfumers sell it. 23-26

European Steamship AGENCY.
CABIN and STEERAGE PASSENGERS
BOOKED TO AND FROM
ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.

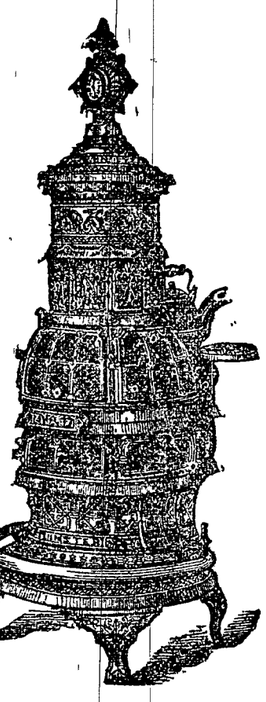
DRAFTS
FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES.

LOUIS M. MELVIN, Agent,
BISMARCK, D. T.
Office at George Peoples' Hardware Store.

J. C. CADY,
FURNITURE AND CABINET.
Furniture, Brackets, Picture Frames, Mouldings, Fine Chromos, Engravings, etc. Furniture neatly repaired and all kinds of work make to order. General agent for Silver Reed Organs. Third St., second door north of Merchants Hotel.

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS
BISMARCK, D. T.

G. W. POUSSIN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HEAVY and SHELF
HARDWARE
STOVES
AND
TINWARE.
A LARGE STOCK OF
COOK AND HEATING STOVES
IN VARIETY, AND AT
Never Offered Before
IN THIS MARKET.



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ENTIRELY NEW BASE-BURNER,
FOR 1878.
BEST OPERATING,
MOST PERFECT,
HANDSOMEST
HARD COAL BASE-BURNER
EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
Steamboat Supplies a Specialty.
All Kinds of Repairing Done.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

BISMARCK
AND
TONGUE RIVER
Stage & Express.
Leave Bismarck every Sunday at 8 a. m., arriving at Fort Keogh in four days, connecting at Keogh with stages for Bozeman and all points in Montana. For passage or express apply to
J. W. RAYMOND & CO., Bismarck, D. T.
A. R. MINNINGER & CO., Ft. Keogh, M. T.
J. W. DORSEY, Supt. 17tf

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES
AT
DAN. EISENBERG'S,
Bismarck, - - Dakota,
Who is just opening the largest stock of
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods Etc.,
EVER BROUGHT TO THE CITY.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

BRICK! BRICK!
R. B. MASON,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
BRICK BUILDINGS ERECTED
On Short Notice and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
All kinds of
BRICK AND STONE WORK
Done with Neatness and Dispatch. I have on hand a superior quality of
BRICK
which I will sell at reasonable prices. 4m4

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PHOTOGRAPHER.
PORTRAITS AND VIEWS.
Fine Work a Specialty.
MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.
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Chris Hehli,
KING OF BARBERS,
MILES CITY, MONTANA.
A First-Class shaving hall where none but the most competent workmen are employed.
Hot and Cold Baths.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
"What will Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient cure?" ask the sufferer from a multitude of diseases. We answer: It will remove from the system the active cause of most of the diseases that flesh is heir to. It won't mend a broken limb, nor close a bullet hole; but it may be profitably used in stomachic diseases. It will do no one any harm, and may do much good. Try it, and see if it won't suit your case.
26-27 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

E. MENKUS,
CHICAGO STORE,
Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.
DRY GOODS
AND
Millinery.
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods and Ready Made Clothing.
An Unusually Large and well Selected Stock at Bottom Prices.
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JOHN DAHL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel.
BISMARCK, D. T.
Have just received a new stock of
English and French Cassimeres and Worsteds
which will be made up in the latest and nobbiest styles. Have procured the services of Mr. Heldt, a first-class cutter. A good fit guaranteed. Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice. 17m6

RACEK BROS.,
HARNESS MAKERS & SADDLERS.
Dealers in
Collars, Whips, Lashes, Brushes, Combs, &c.
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE.
Strict Attention to Orders by Mail.

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